

BELL'S EDITION.
The POETS of GREAT BRITAIN
COMPLETE FROM
CHAUCER to CHURCHILL.



SPENCER VOLUME II.
 And him beside there lay upon the Grass
 A dreary case which life away did pass.



Printed for John Bell near Exeter Exchange Strand London Feb^y. 16th 1778.

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THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
EDMUND SPENSER.

IN EIGHT VOLUMES.

FROM THE TEXT OF MR. UPTON, &c.

WITH THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

Goe, little Booke! thyself present,
As child whose parent is unkent,
To him that is the President
Of Noblesse and Chivalrie-----
And, asked who thee forth did bring?
A shepheard's swaine say did thee sing,
All as his straying flocks he fedde:
And when his Honor hath thee redde;
Crave pardon for thy hardy-head-----
And when thou art past jeopardy,
Come tell me what was said of mee,
And I will send more after thee. SPENSER TO HIS BOOKE.

VOL. II.

LONDON:

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BOOKSELLER TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS
THE PRINCE OF WALES.

1787.

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THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
EDMUND SPENSER.

VOL. II.

CONTAINING HIS
FAERY QUEENE.

FROM MR. UPTON'S TEXT.

When SPENSER saw the fame was spread so large
Through Faery Land of their renowned Queene,
Loth that his Muse should take so great a charge,
As in such haughty matter to be scene,
To seeme a shepheard then he made his choice,
But Sidney heard him sing, and knew his voice---
So SPENSER was by Sidney's speeches wonne,
To blaze her fame, not fearing future harmes---
So SPENSER now, to his immortal prayse,
Hath wonne the laurell quite from all his feres.

VERSES TO THE AUTHOR.

LONDON:
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ROYAL HIGHNESS
THE PRINCE OF WALES.

1787.

POETICAL WORKS
OF
EDMUND SPENSER.
VOL. II.

CONTAINING HIS
FAERY QUEENE.
FROM MR. OTTON'S TEXT.

When SPENSER saw the signs was given
That he should leave this mortal frame
I saw that he must needs be gone
As in such cases he is wont to be
To leave a monument that he made in
A fount of living water, and his voice
As sweet as music, and his words
To leave behind him, as a lasting sign
To all that should his works behold
As he was wont to be, and all his
Verses to the world.

LONDON:
PRINTED BY J. MILL, BOOKSELLER TO HIS
ROYAL HIGHNESS
THE PRINCE OF WALES.

1787.

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK I. CANTO IX.

His loves and lineage Arthur telle;
The knights knitt friendly bandes
Sir Trevisan flies from Deepyre,
Whom Red-cros knight withstande.

I.

O GOODLY golden chayne, wherewith yfere
The vertues linked are in lovely wize,
And noble mindes of yore allyed were,
In brave poursuit of chevalrous emprise,
That none did others safety despize,
Nor aid envy to him in need that stands;
But friendly each did others praise devize,
How to advaunce with favourable hands,
As this good prince redeemd the Red-crosse knight.

II.

[from bands.

Who when their powres, empayrd through labor long,
With dew repast they had recured well,
And that weake captive wight now waxed strong,
Them list no lenger there at leasure dwell,
But forward fare, as their adventures fell;
But ere they parted, Una faire besought
That straunger knight his name and nation tell,
Least so great good, as he for her had wrought,
Should die unknown, and buried be in thankles
thought.

A iij

III.

" Faire Virgin!" said the prince, " yee me require
 " A thing without the compas of my witt;
 " For both the lignage and the certain sire
 " From which I sprong from mee are hidden yitt;
 " For all so soone as life did me admitt
 " Into this world, and shewed heven's light,
 " From mother's pap I taken was unfitt,
 " And streight deliver'd to a Fary knight,
 " To be upbrought in gentle thewes and martiall

IV.

[might.

" Unto old Timon he me brought bylive;
 " Old Timon, who in youthly yeares hath beene
 " In warlike feates th' expertest man alive,
 " And is the wisest now on earth I weene:
 " His dwelling is low in a valley greene,
 " Under the foot of Rauran mossy hore,
 " From whence the river Dee, as silver cleene,
 " His tombling billowes rolls with gentle rore:
 " There all my daies he traind me up in vertuous lore.

V.

" Thether the great magicien Merlin came,
 " As was his use, oft-times to visit mee;
 " For he had charge my discipline to frame,
 " And tutor's nouriture to oversee.
 " Him oft and oft I askt in privy,
 " Of what loines and what lignage I did spring?
 " Whose aunswere bad me still assured bee,
 " That I was sonne and heire unto a king,
 " As Time in her iust term the truth to light should
 bring."

VI.

" Well worthy Impe," said then the lady gent,
" And pupil fitt for such a tutor's hand;
" But what adventure, or what high intent,
" Hath brought you hether into Fary Land,
" Aread, Prince Arthure, crowne of martiall band."
" Full hard it is," quoth he, " to read aright
" The course of heavenly cause, or understand
" The secret meaning of th' eternall might,
" That rules mens waies, and rules the thoughts of

VII.

[living wight :

" For whether he, through fatal deepe foresight,
" Me hether sent, for cause to me unghost,
" Or that fresh bleeding wound, which day and night
" Whilome doth rangle in my riven brest,
" With forced fury following his behest,
" Me hether brought by wayes yet never found,
" You to have helpt I hold myself yet blest." [wound
" Ah! courteous Knight," quoth she, " what secret
" Could ever find to grieve the gentlest hart on

VIII.

[ground?"

" Dear Dame," quoth he, " you sleeping sparkes
" awake,

" Which troubled once into huge flames will grow;
" Ne ever will their fervent fury slake,
" Till living moisture into smoke do flow,
" And wasted life doe lye in ashes low.
" Yet sithens silence lesseneth not my fire,
" But told it flames, and hidden it does glow,
" I will revele what ye so much desire." [spyre.
" Ah! Love, lay down thy bow, the whiles I may re-

IX.

" It was in freshest flowre of youthly yeares,
 " When corage first does creepe in manly chest;
 " Then first that cole of kindly heat appeares
 " To kindle love in every living brest:
 " But me had warn'd old Timon's wise behest,
 " Those creeping flames by reason to subdew,
 " Before their rage grew to so great unrest,
 " As miserable lovers use to rew,
 " Which still wex old in woe, whiles woe stil wexeth

X.

[new.]

" That ydle name of love, and lovers life,
 " As losse of time, and vertues enemy,
 " I ever scorn'd, and ioyd to stirre up strife,
 " In midst of their mournfull tragedy;
 " Ay wont to laugh, when them I heard to cry,
 " And blow the fire which them to ashes brent:
 " Their God himselfe, grievd at my libertie,
 " Shott many a dart at me with fiers intent;
 " But I them warded all with wary government.

XI.

" But all in vaine; no fort can be so strong,
 " Ne fleshly brest can armed be so sownd,
 " But will at last be wonne with battrie long,
 " Or unawares at disadvantage fownd:
 " Nothing is sure that growes on earthly grownd.
 " And who most trustes in arme of fleshly might,
 " And boastes in beauties chaine not to be bownd,
 " Doth soonest fall in disadventrous fight,
 " And yeeldes his caytive neck to victours most
 despight.

XII.

" Ensample make of him your haplesse ioy,
" And of my selfe now mated, as ye see,
" Whose prouder vaunt that proud avenging Boy
" Did soone pluck downe, and curbd my libertee:
" For on a day prickt forth with iollitee
" Of looser life, and heat of hardiment,
" Raunging the forest wide on courser free,
" The fields, the floods, the heavens, with one consent
" Did seeme to laugh on me, and favour mine intent.

XIII.

" Forwearied with my sportes, I did alight
" From loftie steed, and downe to sleepe me layd:
" The verdant gras my couch did goodly dight,
" And pillow was my helmet fayre displayd:
" Whiles every sence the humour sweet embayd,
" And slombring soft my hart did steale away,
" Me seemed by my side a royall mayd
" Her daintie limbes full softly down did lay:
" So fayre a creature yet saw never sunny day.

XIV.

" Most goodly glee and lovely blandishment
" She to me made, and badd me love her deare;
" For dearly sure her love was to me bent,
" As, when iust time expired, should appeare.
" But whether dreames delude, or true it were,
" Was never hart so ravisht with delight;
" Ne living man like wordes did ever heart,
" As she to me delivered all that night;
" And at her parting said, she Queene of Faeries
hight.

XV.

" When I awoke, and found her place devoyd,
 " And nought but pressed gras where she had lyen,
 " I sorrowed all so much as earst I ioyd,
 " And washed all her place with watry eyen.
 " From that day forth I lov'd that face divyne;
 " From that day forth I cast in carefull mynd,
 " To seeke her out with labor and long tyne,
 " And never vow to rest till her I fynd:
 " Nyne monethes I seek in vain, yet ni'll that vow

XVI.

[unbynd."]

Thus as he spake, his visage waxed pale,
 And chaunge of hew great passion did bewray;
 Yett still he strove to cloke his inward bale,
 And hide the smoke that did his fire display,
 Till gentle Una thus to him gan say;
 " O happy Queene of Faeries, that hast fownd,
 " Mongst many, one that with his prowesse may
 " Defend thine honour, and thy foes confownd.
 " True loves are often sown, but seldom grow on

XVII.

[grownd."]

" Thine, O!" then said the gentle Red-crosse knight,
 " Next to that ladies love shal be the place,
 " O fayrest Virgin! full of heavenly light,
 " Whose wondrous faith, exceeding earthly race,
 " Was firmest fixt in myne extremest case.
 " And you, my Lord, the patrone of my life,
 " Of that great queene may well gaine worthie grace;
 " For onely worthie you, through private griefe,
 " (Yf living man mote worthie be) to

XVIII.

So diversly discoursing of their loves,
The golden sunne his glistring head gan shew,
And sad remembraunce now the prince amoves
With fresh desire his voyage to pursew;
Als Una earnd her travcill to renew.
Then those two knights, fast friendship for to bynd,
And love establish each to other trew,
Gave goodly gifts, the signes of gratefull mynd,
And eke the pledges firme, right hands together ioynd.

XIX.

Prince Arthur gave a boxe of diamond sure,
Embowd with gold and gorgeous ornament,
Wherein were closd few drops of liquor pure,
Of wondrous worth, and vertue excellent,
That any wovnd could heale incontinent.
Which to requite, the Red-crosse knight him gave
A booke, wherein his Saveour's testament
Was writt with golden letters rich and brave;
A worke of wondrous grace, and hable soules to save.

XX.

Thus beene they parted; Arthur on his way
To seeke his love, and th' other for to fight
With Unaes foe, that all her realme did pray.
But she now weighing the decayed plight,
And shrunken synewes of her chosen knight,
Would not a while her forward course pursew,
Ne bring him forth in face of dreadfull fight,
Till he recovered had his former hew;
For his sake she yet weake and wearie still she knew.

XXI.

So as they traueild, lo they gan espy
 An armed knight towards them gallop fast,
 That seemed from some feared foe to fly,
 Or other griesly thing that him aghast.
 Still as he fledd his eye was backward cast,
 As if his feare still followed him behynd:
 Als flew his steed, as he his bandes had brast,
 And with his winged heeles did tread the wynd,
 As he had been a fole of Pegasus his kynd.

XXII.

Nigh as he drew, they might perceiue his head
 To be unarmd, and curld uncombed heares
 Upstaring stiffe, dismaid with uncouth dread:
 Nor drop of blood in all his face appeares,
 Nor life in limbe; and, to increase his feares,
 (In fowle reproch of knighthood's fayre degree)
 About his neck an hempen rope he weares,
 That with his glistring armes does ill agree;
 But he of rope, or armes, has now no memoree.

XXIII.

The Red-crosse knight toward him crossed fast,
 To weet what mister wight was so dismayd;
 There him he findes all sencelesse and aghast,
 That of himselfe he seemd to be a frayd;
 Whom hardly he from flying forward stayd,
 Till he these wordes to him deliver might;
 " Sir Knight, aread who hath ye thus arayd,
 " And eke from whom make ye this hasty flight?
 " For never knight I saw in such misseeming plight."

XXIV.

He answerd nought at all; but adding new
Feare to his first amazement, staring wyde
With stony eyes and hartlesse hollow hew,
Astonisht stood, as one that had aspyde
Infernall furies with their chaines untyde.
Him yett againe, and yett againe bespake
The gentle knight, who nought to him replyde;
But trembling every ioynt did inly quake,
And foltring tongue at last these words seemd forth

XXV. [to skake;

"For God's deare love, Sir Knight, doe me not stay,
"For loe! he comes, he comes fast after mee."
Eft looking backe would faine have runne away,
But he him forst to stay, and tellen free
The secrete cause of his perplexitie;
Yet nathemore by his bold hartie speach
Could his blood-frozen hart emboldned bee,
But through his boldnes rather feare did reach;
Yett forst at last, he made thro' silence suddein breach.

XXVI.

"And am I now in safetie sure," quoth he,
"From him that would have forced me to dye?"
"And is the point of death now turnd fro mee,
"That I may tell this haplesse history?" [nye."
"Feare nought," quoth he, "no daunger now is
"Then shall I you recount a ruefull cace,"
Said he, "the which with this unlucky eye
"I late beheld, and, had not greater grace
"Me reft from it, had bene partaker of the place.

XXVII.

" I lately chaunst (would I had never chaunst!)
" With a fayre knight to keepeen companee,
" Sir Terwin hight, that well himselfe advaunst
" In all affayres, and was both bold and free,
" But not so happy as mote happy bee:
" He lov'd, as was his lot, a lady gent,
" That him againe lov'd in the least degree;
" For she was proud, and of too high intent,
" And joyd to see her lover languish and lament:

XXVIII.

" From whom retourning sad and comfortlesse,
" As on the way together we did fare,
" We met that villen, (God from him me blesse!)
" That cursed wight, from whom I scapt whyleare;
" A man of hell, that calls himselfe Despayre;
" Who first us greets, and after fayre arecedes
" Of tydinges straunge, and of adventures rare;
" So creeping close, as snake in hidden weedes,
" Inquireth of our states and of our knightly deedes.

XXIX.

" Which when he knew, and felt our feeble harts
" Embost with bale and bitter byting grieve,
" Which Love had launched with his deadly darts,
" With wounding words, and termes of foule reprieve,
" He pluckt from us all hope of dew reliefe,
" That earst us held in love of lingring life;
" Then hopelesse, hartlesse, gan the cunning thiefe
" Perswade us dye, to stint all further strife:
" To me he lent this rope, to him a rusty knife:

XXX.

“ With which sad instrument of hasty death,
“ That wofull lover, loathing lenger light,
“ A wyde way made to let forth living breath;
“ But I, more fearfull, or more lucky wight,
“ Dismayd with that deformed dismall sight,
“ Fledd fast away, halfe dead with dying feare;
“ Ne yet assur’d of life by you, Sir Knight,
“ Whose like infirmity like chaunce may beare;
“ But God you never let his charmed speaches

XXXI.

[heare!”]

“ How many a man,” said he, “ with idle speach
“ Be wonne to spoyle the castle of his health?”
“ I wote,” quoth he, “ whom tryall late did teach,
“ That like would not for all this worldes wealth.
“ His subtile tong like dropping honny mealt’h
“ Into the hart, and searcheth every vaine,
“ That ere one be aware, by secret stealth
“ His powre is rest, and weaknes doth remaine.
“ O never, Sir, desire to try his guilefull traine!”

XXXII.

“ Certes,” said he, “ hence shall I never rest,
“ Till I that treachour’s art have heard and tryde;
“ And you, Sir Knight, whose name mote I request,
“ Of grace do me unto his cabin guyde.”
“ I that hight Trevisan,” quoth he, “ will ryde
“ Against my liking backe, to doe you grace;
“ But not for gold nor glee will I abyde
“ By you, when ye arrive in that same place,
“ For lever had I die then see his deadly face.”

B ij

XXXIII.

Ere long they come where that same wicked wight
 His dwelling has, low in an hollow cave,
 Far underneath a craggy cliff ypight,
 Darke, dolefull, dreary, like a greedy grave,
 That still for carrion carcasses doth crave;
 On top whereof ay dwelt the ghastly owle,
 Shrieking his balefull note, which ever drave
 Far from that haunt all other chearefull fowle,
 And all about itwandering ghostes did wayle and

XXXIV.

[howle:

And all about old stockes and stubs of trees,
 Whereon nor fruit nor leafe was ever seen,
 Did hang upon the ragged rocky knees,
 On which had many wretches hanged beene,
 Whose carcasses were scattred on the greene,
 And throwne about the cliffs. Arrived there,
 That bare-head knight, for dread and dolefull teene,
 Would faine have fled, ne durst approchen neare,
 But th' other forst him staye, and comforted in feare.

XXXV.

That darkesome cave they enter, where they find
 That cursed man low sitting on the ground,
 Musing full sadly in his sullen mind;
 His griesly lockes long growen and unbound,
 Disordred hong about his shoulders round,
 And hid his face, through which his hollow eyne
 Lookt deadly dull, and stared as astound;
 His raw-bone cheekes, through penurie and pine,
 Were shronke into his iawes, as he did never dine.

XXXVI.

His garment, nought but many ragged clouts,
With thornes together pind and patched was,
The which his naked sides he wrapt abouts;
And him beside there lay upon the gras
A dreary corse, whose life away did pas,
All wallowd in his own yet luke-warme blood,
That from his wound yet welled fresh, alas!
In which a rusty knife fast fixed stood,
And made an open passage for the gushing flood.

XXXVII.

Which piteous spectacle approving trew
The wofull tale that Trevisan had told,
Whenas the gentle Red-crosse knight did vew,
With firie zeale he burnt in courage bold
Him to avenge, before his blood were cold;
And to the villen sayd, "Thou damned wight,
"The authour of this fact we here behold,
"What iustice can but iudge against thee right,
"With thine owne blood to price his blood here shed in

XXXVIII.

[sight?"]

"What franticke fit" quoth he, "hath thus distraught
"Thee, foolish man, so rash a doome to give?
"What iustice ever other iudgement taught,
"But he should dye who merites not to live?
"None els to death this man despayring drive,
"But his owne guiltie mind deserving death.
"Is then uniuert to each his dew to give?
"Or let him dye that loatheth living breath?
"Or let him die at ease that liveth here unceath?

XXXIX.

" Who travailes by the wearie wandring way,
 " To come unto his wished home in haste,
 " And meetes a flood that doth his passage stay,
 " Is not great grace to helpe him over past,
 " Or free his feet, that in the myre sticke fast?
 " Most envious man, that grieves at neighbours good,
 " And fond, that ioyest in the woe thou hast,
 " Why wilt not let him passe that long hath stood
 " Upon the bancke, yet wilt thy selfe not pas the

XL.

[flood?

" He there does now enioy eternall rest
 " And happy ease, which thou doest want and crave,
 " And further from it daily wanderest:
 " What if some little payne the passage have,
 " That makes frayle flesh to feare the bitter wave?
 " Is not short payne well borne that bringes long ease,
 " And layes the soule to sleepe in quiet grave?
 " Sleepe after toyle, port after stormie seas,
 " Ease after warre, death after life, does greatly

XLI.

[please."

The knight much wondred at his suddeine wit,
 And sayd, " The terme of life is limited,
 " Ne may a man prolong nor shorten it:
 " The souldier may not move from watchfull sted,
 " Nor leave his stand, untill his captaine bed."
 " Who life did limit by almightie doome,
 Quoth he, " knowes best the termes established;
 " And he that points the centonell his roome,
 " Doth license him depart at sound of morning

droome.

XLII.

" Is not his deed what ever thing is donne
" In heaven and earth? did not he all create
" To die againe? all ends that was begonne:
" Their times in his eternall booke of Fate
" Are written sure, and have their certain date:
" Who then can strive with strong Necessitie,
" That holds the world in his still-chaunging state?
" Or shunne the death ordaynd by Destinie?
" When houre of death is come, let none aske whence,

XLIII.

[nor why.

" The lenger life, I wote the greater sin;
" The greater sin, the greater punishment:
" All those great battels which thou boasts to win,
" Through strife, and blood-shed, and avengement,
" Now praysd, hereafter deare thou shalt repent;
" For life must life, and blood must blood, repay.
" Is not enough thy evill life forespent?
" For he that once hath missed the right way,
" The further he doth goe, the further he doth stray.

XLIV.

" Then doe no further goe, no further stray,
" But here ly downe, and to thy rest betake,
" Th' ill to prevent, that life ensewen may:
" For what hath life that may it loved make,
" And gives not rather cause it to forsake?
" Feare, sicknesse, age, losse, labour, sorrow, strife,
" Payne, hunger, cold, that makes the heart to quake,
" And ever fickle Fortune, rageth rife:
" All which, and thousands mo, do make a loathsome
life.

XLV.

“Thou, wretched Man! of death hast greatest need,
“If in true ballaunce thou wilt weigh thy state;
“For never knight, that dared warlike deed,
“More luckless dissauentures did amate;
“Witnes the dungeon deepe, wherein of late
“Thy life shut up for death so oft did call;
“And though good lucke prolonged hath thy date,
“Yet death then would the like mishaps forestall,
“Into the which heereafter thou maist happen fall.

XLVI.

“Why then doest thou, O Man of sin! desire
“To draw thy dayes forth to their last degree?
“Is not the measure of thy sinfull hire
“High heaped up with huge iniquitee,
“Against the day of wrath, to burden thee?
“Is not enough that to this lady mild
“Thou falsed hast thy faith with periuree,
“And sold thy selfe to serve Duessa vild,
“With whom in all abuse thou hast thy selfe defild?

XLVII.

“Is not he just, that all this doth behold
“From highest heven, and beares an equall eie?
“Shall he thy sins up in his knowledge fold,
“And guilty be of thine impietie?
“Is not his law, Let every sinner die,
“Die shall all flesh? what then must needs be donne,
“Is it not better to die willinglie,
“Then linger till the glas be all out-ronne?
“Death is the end of woes; die soone, O Faries
 sonne!”

XLVIII.

The knight was much enmoved with his speech,
 That as a sword's poynt through his hart did perse,
 And in his conscience made a secrete breach,
 Weil knowing trew all that he did reherse,
 And to his fresh remembraunce did reverse
 The ugly vew of his deformed crimes,
 That all his manly powres it did disperse,
 As he were charmed with inchaunted rimes,
 That oftentimes he quakt, and fainted oftentimes.

XLIX.

In which amazement when the miscreant
 Perceived him to waver weake and fraile,
 (Whiles trembling horror did his conscience daut
 And bellish anguish did his soule assaile)
 To drive him to despaire, and quite to quaille,
 Hee shewd him painted in a table plaine
 The damned ghosts that doe in torments waile,
 And thousand feends that doe them endlesse paine
 With fire and brimstone, which for ever shall remaine.

L.

The sight whereof so throughly him dismayd,
 That nought but death before his eies he saw,
 And ever-burning wrath before him laid,
 By righteous sentence of th' Almightyes law.
 Then gan the villain him to over-craw,
 And brought unto him swords, ropes, poison, fire,
 And all that might him to perdition draw,
 And bad him choose what death he would desire,
 For death was dew to him that had provokt God's ire.

LI.

But whenas none of them he saw him take,
He to him raught a dagger sharpe and keen,
And gave it him in hand : his hand did quake,
And tremble like a leafe of aspin greene,
And troubled blood through his pale face was seene
To come and goe with tidings from the heart,
As it a ronning messenger had beene.
At last resolv'd to work his finall smart,
He lifted up his hand, that backe againe did start.

LII.

Which whenas Una saw, through every vaine
The crudled cold ran to her well of life,
As in a swowne; but soone reliv'd againe,
Out of his hand she snatcht the cursed knife,
And threw it to the ground, enraged rife,
And to him said, "Fie, fie, faint-hearted knight,
"What meanest thou by this reprochfull strife?
"Is this the battaile which thou vauntst to fight
"With that fire-mouthed dragon, horrible and bright?

LIII.

"Come, come away, fraile, feeble, fleshly wight,
"Ne let vaine words bewitch thy manly hart,
"Ne divelish thoughts dismay thy constant spright.
"In heavenly mercies hast thou not a part?
"Why shouldest thou then despeire that chosen art?
"Whereiustice growes, theregrowes eke greater grace,
"The which doth quench the brond of hellish smart,
"And that accurst hand-writing doth deface.
"Arise, Sir Knight, arise, and leave this cursed place."

LIV.

So up he rose, and thence amounted streight.
Which when the carle beheld, and saw his guest
Would safe depart, for all his subtile sleight,
He chose an halter from among the rest,
And with it hong himselfe, unbid, unblest.
But death he could not worke himselfe thereby,
For thousand times he so himselfe had drest,
Yet nathelesse it could not doe him die,
Till he should die his last, that is eternally.

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK I. CANTO X.

Her faithfull knight sayre Una brings
To house of Holinesse;
Where he is taught repentance, and
The way to heavenly blesse.

I.

WHAT man is he that boasts of fleshly might,
And vaine assuraunce of mortality,
Which all so soone as it doth come to fight
Against spirituall foes, yields by and by,
Or from the field most cowardly doth fly?
Ne let the man ascribe it to his skill,
That thorough grace hath gained victory:
If any strength we have, it is to ill,
But all the good is God's, both power ande ke will.

II.

By that which lately hapned, Una saw
That this her knight was feeble, and too faint,
And all his sinewes woxen weake and raw,
Through long enprisonment and hard constraint,
Which he endured in his late restraint,
That yet he was unfitt for bloody fight;
Therefore to cherish him with diets daint,
She cast to bring him where he chearen might,
Till he recovered had his late decayed plight.

III.

There was an auncient house not far away,
Renowmd throughout the world for sacred lore,
And pure unspotted life: so well, they say,
It governd was, and guided evermore,
Through wisedome of a matrone grave and hore,
Whose onely ioy was to relieve the needes
Of wretched soules, and helpe the helpelesse pore:
All night she spent in bidding of her bedes,
And all the day in doing good and godly deedes.

IV.

Dame Cælia men did her call, as thought
From heaven to come, or thether to arise;
The mother of three daughters, well upbrought
In goodly thewes, and godly exercise:
The eldest two most sober, chaste, and wise,
Fidelia and Speranza, virgins were,
Though spoused, yet wanting wedlock's solemnize;
But faire Charissa to a lovely fere
Was lincked, and by him had many pledges dère.

V.

Arrived there, the dore they find fast lockt;
For it was warely watched night and day,
For feare of many foes; but when they knockt,
The porter opened unto them streight way.
He was an aged syre, all hory gray,
With lookes full lowly cast, and gate full slow,
Wont on a staffe his feeble steps to stay,
Hight Humilta. They passe in, stouping low,
For streight and narrow was the way which he did

Volume II.

C [show.]

VI.

Each goodly thing is hardest to begin;
But entred in, a spacious court they see,
Both plaine and pleasaunt to be walked in,
Where them does meete a francklin faire and free,
And entertaines with comely courteous glee;
His name was Zele, that him right well became,
For in his speeches and behaveour hee
Did labour lively to expresse the same,
And gladly did them guide, till to the hall they came.

VII.

There fayrely them receives a gentle squyre,
Of myld demeanure and rare courtesee,
Right cleanly clad in comely sad attyre,
In word and deede that shewd great modestee,
And knew his good to all of each degree,
Hight Reverence: he them with speeches meet
Does faire entreat; no courting nicetee,
But simple, trew, and eke unfained sweet,
As might become a squyre so great persons to greet.

VIII.

And afterwarde them to his dame he leades,
That aged dame, the lady of the place,
Who all this while was busy at her beades;
Which doen, she up arose with seemely grace,
And toward them full matronely did pace;
Where, when that fairest Una she beheld,
Whom well she knew to spring from heavenly race,
Her heart with ioy unwonted inly sweld,
As feeling wondrous comfort in her weaker eld:

IX.

And her embracing said, " O happy earth,
" Whereon thy innocent feet doe ever tread!
" Most vertuous virgin, borne of heavenly berth,
" That, to redeeme thy woefull parents head
" From tyrans rage, and ever-dying dread,
" Hast wandred through the world now long a day,
" Yett ceassest not thy weary soles to lead:
" What grace hath thee now hether brought this way?
" Or doen thy feeble feet unweeting hether stray?

X.

" Straunge thing it is an errant knight to see
" Here in this place, or any other wight
" That hether turnes his steps; so few there bee
" That chose the narrow path, or seeke the right:
" All keepe the broad high way, and take delight
" With many rather for to goe astray,
" And be partakers of their evill plight,
" Then with a few to walke the rightest way.
" O foolish Men! why hast ye to your own decay?"

XI.

" Th^e selfe to see, and tyred limbes to rest,
" O Matrone sage!" quoth she, " I hether came;
" And this good knight his way with me addrest,
" Ledd with thy prayses and broad-blazed fame,
" That up to heven is blowne." The auncient dame,
Him goodly greeted in her modest guyse,
And enterteynd them both, as best became,
With all the court'sies that she could devyse,
Ne wanted ought to shew her bounteous or wise.

XII.

Thus as they gan of sondrie thinges devise,
Loe two most goodly virgins came in place,
Ylinked arme in arme, in lovely wise;
With countenance demure and modest grace
They numbred even steps and equall pace;
Of which the eldest, that Fidelia hight,
Like sunny beames threw from her christall face,
That could have dazd the rash beholders sight,
And round about her head did shine like heven's light.

XIII.

She was araied all in lilly white,
And in her right hand bore a cup of gold,
With wine and water fild up to the hight,
In which a serpent did himselfe enfold,
That horreur made to all that did behold;
But she no whitt did chaunge her constant mood;
And in her other hand she fast did hold
A booke, that was both signd and seald with blood,
Wherin darke things were writt, hard to be under-

XIV.

[stood.]

Her younger sister, that Speranza hight,
Was clad in blew, that her beseemed well;
Not all so chearefull seemed she of sight,
As was her sister; whether dread did dwell,
Or anguish, in her hart, is hard to tell:
Upon her arme a silver anchor lay,
Whereon she leaned ever, as befell:
And ever up to heven, as she did pray,
Her stedfast eyes were bent, ne swarved other way.

XV.

They seeing Una, towardes her gan wend,
Who them encounters with like courtesee;
Many kind speeches they betweene them spend,
And greatly ioy each other for to see:
Then to the knight with shamefast modestie
They turne themselves, at Unaes meeke request,
And him salute with well-beseeming glee,
Who faire them quites, as him beseemed best,
And goodly gan discourse of many a noble gest.

XVI.

Then Una thus, " But she your sister deare,
" The deare Charissa, where is she become?
" Or wants she health, or busie is elsewhere?"
" Ah! no," said they, " but forth she may not
" For she of late is lightned of her wombe, [come;
" And hath encreast the world with one sonne more,
" That her to see should be but troublesome."
" Indeed," quoth she, " that should her trouble sore;
" But thank't be God, and her encrease so evermore."

XVII.

Then said the aged Cælia, " Deare Dame,
" And you, good Sir, I wote that of your toyle
" And labors long, through which ye hether came,
" Ye both forwearied be; therefore a whyle
" I read you rest, and to your bowres recoyle."
Then called she a groome, that forth him ledd
Into a goodly lodge, and gan despoile
Of puissant armes, and laid in easie bedd;
His name was Meeke Obedience rightfully aredd.

XVIII.

Now when their wearie limbes with kindly rest,
And bodies were refresht with dew repast,
Fayre Una gan Fidelia fayre request,
To have her knight into her schoole-hous plaste,
That of her heavenly learning he might taste,
And heare the wisdom of her wordes divine.
She graunted, and that knight so much agraste,
That she him taught celestiall discipline,
And opened his dull eyes, that light mote in them

XIX.

[shine.

And that her sacred booke, with blood ywritt,
That none could reade except she did them teach,
She unto him disclosed every whitt,
And heavenly documents thereout did preach
(That weaker witt of man could never reach)
Of God, of grace, of iustice, of free-will,
That wonder was to hear her goodly speach;
For she was hable with her wordes to kill,
And rayse againe to life the hart that she did thrill.

XX.

And when she list poure out her larger spright,
She would commaund the hasty sunne to stay,
Or backward turne his course from heven's hight:
Sometimes great hostes of men she could dismay;
Dry-shod to passe she parts the flouds in tway;
And eke huge mountaines from their native seat
She would commaund themselves to beare away,
And throw in raging sea with roaring threat:
Almightie God her gave such powre and puissance
great.

XXI.

The faithfull knight now grew in little space,
By hearing her, and by her sisters lore,
To such perfection of all heavenly grace,
That wretched world he gan for to abhore,
And mortall life gan loath, as thing forlore,
Greevd with remembrance of his wicked wayes,
And prickt with anguish of his sinnes so sore,
That he desirde to end his wretched dayes ;
So much the dart of sinfull guilt the soule dismayes.

XXII.

But wise Speranza gave him comfort sweet,
And taught him how to take assured hold
Upon her silver anchor, as was meet ;
Els has his sinnes so great and manifold
Made him forget all that Fidelia told.
In this distressed doubtfull agony,
When him his dearest Una did behold,
Disdeining life, desiring leave to dye,
She found her selfe assayld with great perplexity ;

XXIII.

And came to Cælia to declare her smart,
Who well acquainted with that commune plight,
Which sinfull horror workes in wounded hart,
Her wisely comforted all that she might,
With goodly counsell and advisement right ;
And streightway sent with carefull diligence,
To fetch a leach, the which had great insight
In that disease of grieved conscience, [tience:
And well could cure the same; his name was Pa-

XXIV.

Who comming to that sowle-diseased knight,
Could hardly him intreat to tell his grief;
Which knowne, and all that noyd his heavie spright
Well searcht, eftsoones he gan apply relief
Of salves and med'cines, which had passing prief;
And thereto added wordes of wondrous might,
By which to ease he him recured brief,
And much aswag'd the passion of his plight,
That he his paine endur'd, as seeming now more light.

XXV.

But yet the cause and root of all his ill,
Inward corruption and infected sin,
Not purg'd nor heald, behind remained still,
And festrng sore did ranckle yett within,
Close creeping twixt the marow and the skin;
Which to extirpe, he laid him privily
Downe in a darksome lowly place far in,
Whereas he meant his corrosives to apply,
And with streight diet tame his stubborne malady.

XXVI.

In ashes and sackcloth he did array
His daintie corse, proud humors to abate,
And dieted with fasting every day,
The swelling of his woundes to mitigate,
And made him pray both earely and eke late;
And ever as superfluous flesh did rott,
Amendment readie still at hand did wayt,
To pluck it out with pincers fyrie-whott,
That soone in him was lefte no one corrupted iott.

XXVII.

And bitter Penaunce, with an yron whip,
Was wont him once to disple every day;
And sharp Remorse his hart did prick and nip,
That drops of blood thence like a well did play;
And sad Repentaunce used to embay
His body in salt water smarting sore,
The filthy blotches of sin to wash away:
So in short space they did to health restore
The man that would not live, but erst lay at deathes

XXVIII.

[dore.

In which his torment often was so great,
That like a lyon he would cry and rore,
And rend his flesh, and his own synewes eat.
His owne deare Una hearing evermore
His ruefull shriekes and gronings, often tore
Her guiltlesse garments and her golden heare,
For pittie of his payne and anguish sore;
Yet all with patience wisely she did beare,
For well she wist his cryme could els be never cleare.

XXIX.

Whom thus recover'd by wise Patience,
And trew Repentaunce, they to Una brought;
Who ioyous of his cured conscience,
Him dearely kist, and fayrely eke besought
Himselfe to chearish, and consuming thought
To put away out of his carefull brest.
By this Charissa, late in child-bed brought,
Was woxen strong, and left her fruitfull nest:
To her fayre Una brought this unacquainted guest.

XXX.

She was a woman in her freshest age,
 Of wondrous beauty and of bounty rare,
 With goodly grace and comely personage,
 That was on earth not easie to compare ;
 Full of great love, but Cupid's wanton snare,
 As hell she hated, chaste in worke and will :
 Her necke and breasts were ever open bare,
 That ay thereof her babes might sucke their fill ;
 The rest was all in yellow robes arayed still.

XXXI.

A multitude of babes about her hong,
 Playing their sportes, that ioyd her to behold,
 Whom still she fed, whiles they wereweake and young,
 But thrust them forth still as they waxed old :
 And on her head she wore a tyre of gold,
 Adorn'd with gemmes and owches wondrous fayre,
 Whose passing price uneath was to be told ;
 And by her syde there sate a gentle payre
 Of turtle doves, she sitting in an yvory chayre.

XXXII.

The knight and Una entring, fayre her greet,
 And bid her ioy of that her happy brood ;
 Who them requites with court'sies seeming meet,
 And entertaynes with friendly chearefull mood.
 Then Una her besought to be so good,
 As in her vertuous rules to schoole her knight,
 Now after all his torment well withstood
 In that sad house of Penaunce, where his spright
 Had past the paines of hell and long-enduring night.

XXXIII.

She was right ioyous of her iust request;
And taking by the hand that Faeries sonne,
Gan him instruct in everie good behest
Of love, and righteousnes, and well to donne,
And wrath and hatred warely to shonne,
That drew on men God's hatred and his wrath,
And many soules in dolours had fordonne:
In which when him she well instructed hath,
From thence to heaven she teacheth him the ready

XXXIV.

[path.

Wherein his weaker wandring steps to guyde,
An auncient matrone she to her does call,
Whose sober lookes her wisdom well descryde;
Her name was Mercy, well knowne over all
To be both gracious and eke liberall;
To whom the carefull charge of him she gave,
To leade aright, that he should never fall
In all his waies through this wide worldes wave,
That mercy in the end his righteous soule might save.

XXXV.

The godly matrone by the hand him beares
Forth from her presence, by a narrow way,
Scattred with bushy thornes and ragged breares,
Which still before him she remov'd away,
That nothing might his ready passage stay;
And ever when his feet encombred were,
Or gan to shrink, or from the right to stray,
She held him fast, and firmly did upbeare, [reare.
As carefull nurse her child from falling oft does

XXXVI.

Eftsoones unto an holy hospitall,
That was foreby the way, she did him bring,
In which seven bead-men, that had vowed all
Their life to service of high heaven's King,
Did spend their daies in doing godly thing :
Their gates to all were open evermore
That by the wearie way were traveiling,
And one sate wayting ever them before,
To call in conmers-by, that needy were and pore.

XXXVII.

The first of them, that eldest was and best,
Of all the house had charge and governement,
As guardian and steward of the rest :
His office was to give entertainment
And lodging unto all that came and went ;
Not unto such as could him feast againe,
And double quite for that he on them spent,
But such as want of harbour did constraine ;
Those for God's sake his dewty was to entertaine.

XXXVIII.

The second was as almner of the place :
His office was the hungry for to feed,
And thristy give to drinke, a worke of grace :
He feard not once himselfe to be in need,
Ne car'd to hoord for those whom he did breede :
The grace of God he layd up still in store,
Which as a stocke he left unto his seede :
He had enough, what need him care for more ?
And had he lesse, yet some he would give to the pore.

XXXIX.

The third had of their wardrobe custody,
In which were not rich tyres nor garments gay,
(The plumes of Pride and winges of Vanity)
But clothes meet to keep keene cold away,
And naked nature seemely to aray,
With which bare wretched wights he dayly clad,
The images of God in earthly clay;
And if that no spare clothes to give he had,
His owne cote he would cut, and it distribute glad.

XL.

The fourth appointed by his office was
Poore prisoners to relieve with gracious ayd,
And captives to redeeme with price of bras
From Turkes and Sarazins, which them had stayd;
And though they faulty were, yet well he wayd,
That God to us forgiveth every howre
Much more then that why they in bands were layd;
And he that harrowd hell with heavie stowre,
The faulty soules from thence brought to his heavenly

XLI.

[bowre.

The fift had charge sick persons to attend,
And comfort those in point of death which lay;
For them most needeth comfort in the end,
When sin, and hell, and death, doe most dismay
The feeble soule departing hence away.
All is but lost that living we bestow,
If not well ended at our dying day.
O Man! have mind of that last bitter throw;
For as the tree does fall, so lyes it ever low.

XLII.

The sixt had charge of them now being dead,
In seemely sort their corsers to engrave,
And deck with dainty flowres their brydall bed,
That to their heavenly spouse both sweet and brave
They might appeare, when he their soules shall save.
The wondrous workmanship of God's owne mould,
Whose face he made all beastes to feare, and gave
All in his hand, even dead we honour should.
Ah, dearest God! me graunt I dead be not defould!

XLIII.

The seventh, now after death and buriall done,
Had charge the tender orphans of the dead,
And wydowes ayd, least they should be undone:
In face of iudgement he their right would plead,
Ne ought the powre of mighty men did dread
In their defence, nor would for gold or fee
Be wonne their rightfull causes downe to tread,
And when they stood in most necessitee,
He did supply their want, and gave them ever free.

XLIV.

There when the Elfin Knight arrived was,
The first and chieftest of the seven, whose care
Was guests to welcome, towards him did pas,
Where seeing Mercie, that his steps upbare,
And alwaies led, to her with reverence rare
He humbly louted in meeke lowlinesse,
And seemely welcome for her did prepare;
For of their order she was patronesse,
Albe Charissa were their chieftest founderesse.

XLV.

There she awhile him stayes, himselfe to rest,
That to the rest more hable he might bee;
During which time, in every good behest,
And godly worke of almes and charitee,
Shee him instructed with great industree:
Shortly therein so perfect he became,
That from the first unto the last degree,
His mortall life he learned had to frame
In holy righteousness; without rebuke or blame.

XLVI.

Thence forward by that painfull way they pas
Forth to an hill, that was both steepe and hy,
On top whereof a sacred chappell was,
And eke a litle hermitage thereby,
Wherein an aged holy man did ly,
That day and night said his devotion,
No other worldly busines did apply;
His name was heavenly Contemplation;
Of God and goodnes was his meditation.

XLVII.

Great grace that old man to him given had,
For God he often saw from heaven's hight;
All were his earthly eien both blunt and bad,
And through great age had lost their kindly sight,
Yet wondrous quick and persaunt was his spright,
As eagles eie, that can behold the sunne.
That hill they scale with all their powre and might,
That his fraile thighes, nigh weary and fordonne,
Gan faile, but by her helpe the top at last he wonne.

XLVIII.

There they doe finde that godly aged sire,
 With snowy lockes adowne his shoulders shed,
 As hoary frost with spangles doth attire
 The mossy braunches of an oke halfe ded.
 Each bone might through his body well be red,
 And every sinew seene, through his long fast;
 For nought he car'd his carcas long unfed;
 His mind was full of spirituall repast,
 And pyn'd his flesh to keep his body low and chast.

XLIX.

Who when these two approaching he aspide,
 At their first presence grew agrieved sore,
 That forst him lay his heavenly thoughts aside;
 And had he not that dame respected more,
 Whom highly he did reverence and adore,
 He would not once have moved for the knight.
 They him saluted standing far afore,
 Who well them greeting, humbly did requight,
 And asked to what end they clomb that tedious hight?

L.

"What end," quoth she, "should cause us take such
 "But that same end, which every living wight [paine,
 "Should make his marke, high heaven to attaine?
 "Is not from hence the way that leadeth right
 "To that most glorious house, that glistreth bright
 "With burning starres and ever-living fire,
 "Whereof the keies are to thy hand behight
 "By wise Fidelia? shee doth thee require
 "To shew it to this knight, according his desire."

LI.

"Thrise happy man!" said then the father grave,
 "Whose staggering steps thy steady hand doth lead,
 "And shewes the way his sinfull soule to save,
 "Who better can the way to heaven aread
 "Then thou thyselfe, that was both borne and bred
 "In heavenly throne, where thousand angels shine?
 "Thou doest the praiers of the righteous sead
 "Present before the Maiesty divine,
 "And his avenging wrath to clemency incline.

LII.

"Yet since thou bidst, thy pleasure shal be donne.
 "Then come, thou Man of Earth! and see the way
 "That never yet was seene of Faries sonne,
 "That never leads the traveler astray;
 "But after labors long, and sad delay,
 "Brings them to ioyous rest and endlesse blis.
 "But first thou must a season fast and pray,
 "Till from her bands the spright assoiled is,
 "And have her strength recur'd from fraile in-

LIII.

[firmitis."

That done, he leads him to the highest mount,
 Such one as that same mighty man of God,
 That blood-red billowes like a walled front
 On either side disparted with his rod,
 Till that his army dry-foot through them yod,
 Dwelt forty daies upon; where, writt in stone
 With bloody letters by the hand of God,
 The bitter doome of death and balefull mone
 He did receive, whiles flashing fire about him shone;

D iij

LIV.

Or like that sacred hill, whose head full hie,
Adornd with fruitfull olives all arownd,
Is, as it were for endlesse memory
Of that deare Lord who oft thereon was fownd,
For ever with a flowring girlond crownd :
Or like that pleasaunt mount, that is for ay
Through famous poets verse each where renownd,
On which the thrise three learned ladies play
Their hevenly notes, and make full many a lovely lay.

LV.

From thence, far off he unto him did shew
A little path that was both steepe and long,
Which to a goodly citty led his vew,
Whose wals and towres were builded high and strong
Of perle and precious stone, that earthly tong
Cannot describe, nor wit of man can tell;
Too high a ditty for my simple song :
The Citty of the Greate King hight it well,
Wherein eternall peace and happinesse doth dwell.

LVI.

As he thereon stood gazing, he might see
The blessed angels to and fro descend
From highest heven in gladsome companee,
And with great ioy into that citty wend,
As commonly as frend does with his frend;
Whereat he wondred much, and gan enquire
What stately building durst so high extend
Her lofty towres unto the starry sphere,
And what unknownen nation there empeopled were.

LVII.

"Faïre Knight," quoth he, "Hierusalem that is,
"The new Hierusalem, that God has built
"For those to dwell in that are chosen his,
"His chosen people purg'd from sinful guilt
"With pretious blood, which cruelly was spilt
"On cursed tree, of that unspotted Lam
"That for the sinnes of all the world was kilt;
"Now are they saints all in that citty sam,
"More dear unto their God then younglings to their

LVIII.

[dam.]

"Till now," said then the knight, "I weened well
"That great Cleopolis, where I have beene,
"In which that fairest Faery Queene doth dwell,
"The fairest citty was that might be seene;
"And that bright towre, all built of christall clene,
"Panthea, seemd the brightest thing that was;
"But now by prooffe all otherwise I weene;
"For this great citty that does far surpas,
"And this bright angels towre quite dims that towre

LIX.

[of glas.]

"Most trew," then said the holy aged man;
"Yet is Cleopolis for earthly frame
"The fairest peece that eie beholden can;
"And well beseemes all knights of noble name,
"That covett in th'immortall booke of Fame
"To be eternized, that same to haunt,
"And doen their service to that soveraigne dame,
"That glory does to them for guerdon graunt;
"For she is hevenly borne, and heaven may iustly
vaunt.

LX.

" And thou, faire Ymp, sprong out from English race,
 " How ever now accompted Elfin's sonne,
 " Well worthy doest thy service for her grace,
 " To aide a virgin desolate fordonne:
 " But when thou famous victory hast wonne,
 " And high emongst all knights hast hong thy shield,
 " Thenceforth the suitt of earthly conquest shonne,
 " And wash thy hands from guilt of bloody field,
 " For blood can nought but sin, and wars but sorrows,

LXI.

[yield.

" Then seek this path that I to thee presage,
 " Which after all to heaven shall thee send;
 " Then peaceably thy painefull pilgrimage
 " To yonder same Hierusalem doe bend,
 " Where is for thee ordaind a blessed end;
 " For thou emongst those saints, whom thou doest see,
 " Shalt be a saint, and thine owne nation's frend
 " And patrone: thou Saint George shalt called bee,
 " Saint George of mery England, the signe of vic-

LXII.

[toree."

" Unworthy wretch," quoth he, " of so great grace,
 " How dare I thinke such glory to attaine?"
 " These that have it attaynd were in like cace,"
 Quoth he, " as wretched, and liv'd in like paine."
 " But deeds of armes must I at last be faine,
 " And ladies love, to leave, so dearly bought?"
 " What need of armes where peace doth ay remaine,"
 Said he, " and battailes none are to be fought?
 " As for loose loves they are vaine, and vanish into
 nought."

LXIII.

"O let me not," quoth he, "then turne againe
"Backe to the world, whose ioyes so fruitlesse are,
"But let me here fore aie in peace remaine,
"Or streightway on that last long voiage fare,
"That nothing may my present hope empare."
"That may not be," said he; "ne maist thou yitt
"Forgoe that royal maides bequeathed care,
"Who did her cause into thy hand committ,
"Till from her cursed foe thou have her freely quitt."

LXIV.

"Then shall I soone," quoth he, "so God me grace,
"Abett that virgin's cause disconsolate,
"And shortly back returne unto this place,
"To walke this way in pilgrim's poore estate.
"But now aread, old Father, why of late
"Didst thou behight me borne of English blood,
"Whom all a Faeries sonne doen nominate?"
"That word shall I," said he, "avouchen good,
"Sith to thee is unknowne the cradle of thy brood."

LXV.

"For well I wote thou springst from ancient race
"Of Saxon kinges, that have with mightie hand,
"And many bloody battailes fought in place,
"High reard their royall throne in Britane land,
"And vanquisht them, unable to withstand:
"From thence a Faery thee unweeting reft,
"There as thou slepst in tender swadling band,
"And her base Elfin brood therè for thee left:
"Such men do chaungelings call, so chaung'd by
Faeries theft.

LXVI.

" Thence she thee brought into this Faery Lond,
 " And in an heaped furrow did thee hyde,
 " Where thee a ploughman all unweeting fond,
 " As he his toylesome teme that way did guyde,
 " And brought thee up in ploughman's state to byde,
 " Whereof Georgos he thee gave to name;
 " Till prickt with courage, and thy forces pryde,
 " To Fary Court thou cam'st to seek for fame,
 " And prove thy pussiant armes, as seems thee best

LXVII.

[became.]

" O holy Sire!" quoth he, " how shall I quight
 " The many favours I with thee have fownd,
 " That hast my name and nation redd aright,
 " And taught the way that does to heaven bownd?"
 This saide, adowne he looked to the grownd,
 To have returnd, but dazed were his eyne,
 Throughpassing brightnes, whichdidthe quiteconfonnd
 His feeble sence, and too exceeding shyne:
 So darke are earthlythinges compard to things divine.

LXVIII.

At last, whenas himselfe he gan to fynd,
 To Una back he cast him to retyre,
 Who him awaited still with pensive mynd.
 Great thanks and goodly meede to that good syre
 He thens departing gave, for his paynes hyre;
 So came to Una, who him ioyd to see,
 And after litle rest gan him desyre
 Of her adventure myndfull for to bee:
 So leave they take of Cælia and her daughters three.

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK I. CANTO XI.

The Knight with that old Dragon fights
Two dayes incessantly ;
The third him overthrowes, and gaynes
Most glorious victory.

I.

HIGH time now gan it wex for Una fayre,
To thinke of those her captive parents deare,
And their forwasted kingdom to repayre :
Whereto whenas they now approched neare,
With hartie wordes her knight she gan to cheare,
And in her modest manner thus bespake ;
" Deare Knight ! as deare as ever knight was deare,
" That all these sorrowes suffer for my sake,
" High heaven behold the tedious toyle ye for me take !

II.

" Now are we come unto my native soyle,
" And to the place where all our perilles dwell ;
" Here hauntes that feend, and does his daily spoyle ;
" Therefore henceforth bee at your keeping well,
" And ever ready for your foeman fell :
" The sparke of noble corage now awake,
" And strive your excellent selfe to excell :
" That shall ye evermore renowned make
" Above all knights on earth that batteill undertake".

III.

And pointing forth, "Lo yonder is," said she,
 "The brasen towre, in which my parents deare
 "For dread of that huge feend emprisond be,
 "Whom I from far see on the walles appeare,
 "Whose sight my feeble soule doth greatly cheare;
 "And on the top of all I do espye
 "The watchman wayting tydings glad to heare;
 "That, O my Parents! might I happily
 "Unto you bring, to ease you of your misery!"

IV.

With that the heard a roaring hideous sownd,
 That all the ayre with terror filled wyde,
 And seemd uneach to shake the stedfast ground.
 Eftsoones that dreadfull dragon they espyde,
 Where stretcht he lay upon the sunny side
 Of a great hill, himselfe like a great hill;
 But all so soone as he from far descryde
 Those glistring armes, that heven with light did fill,
 He rousd himselfe full blyth, and hastned them

V.

[untill.

Then badd the knight his lady yede aloof,
 And to an hill herselfe withdraw asyde,
 From whence she might behold that battailles proof,
 And eke be safe from daunger far descryde:
 She him obayd, and turnd a little wyde.
 Now, O thou sacred Muse! most learned dame,
 Fayre ympe of Phœbus and his aged bryde,
 The nourse of Time and everlasting Fame,
 That warlike handes ennoblest with immortall names

VI.

O gently come into my feeble brest,
Come gently, but not with that mightie rage
Wherewith the martiall troupes thou doest infest,
And hartes of great heroës doest enrage,
That nought their kindled corage may aswage:
Soone as thy dreadfull trompe begins to sownd,
The God of Warre with his fiers equipage
Thou doest awake, sleepe never he so sownd,
And scared nations doest with horror sterne astownd.

VII.

Fayre Goddess! lay that furious fitt asyde,
Till I of warres and bloody Mars doe sing,
And Bryton fieldes with Sarazin blood bedyde,
Twixt that great Faery Queene and paynim king,
That with their horror heven and earth did ring;
A worke of labour long and endlesse prayse:
But now a while lett downe that haughtie string,
And to my tunes thy second tenor raise,
That I this man of God his godly armes may blaze.

VIII.

By this the dreadfull beast drew nigh to hand,
Halfe flying and halfe footing in his haste,
That with his largenesse measured much land,
And made wide shadow under his huge waste,
As mountaine doth the valley overcaste.
Approching nigh, he reared high afore
His body monstrous, horrible, and vaste,
Which, to increase his wondrous greatnes more,
Was swoln with wrath, and poyson, and with bloody

Volume II.

E

[gore :

IX.

And over all with brasen scales was armd,
Like plated cote of steele, so couched neare
That nought mote perce, ne might his corse bee harmd
With dint of swerd, nor push of pointed speare;
Which, as an eagle, seeing pray appeare,
His aery plumes doth rouze, full rudely dight,
So shaked he, that horror was to heare;
For, as the clashing of an armour bright,
Such noyse his rouzed scales did send unto the knight.

X.

His flaggy wings, when forth he did display,
Were like two sayles, in which the hollow wynd
Is gathered full, and worketh speedy way;
And eke the pennes that did his pinions bynd,
Were like mayne-yardes with flying canvas lynd;
With which whenas him list the ayre to beat,
And there by force unwonted passage fynd,
The cloudes before him fledd for terror great,
And all the hevens stood still, amazed with his threat.

XI.

His huge long tayle, wownd up in hundred foldes,
Does overspred his long bras-scaly back,
Whose wreathed boughtes when ever he unfolds,
And thick-entangled knots adown does slack,
Bespotted as with shieldes of red and blacke,
It sweepeth all the land behind him farre,
And of three furlongs does but litle lacke;
And at the point two stinges infixed arre,
Both deadly sharp, that sharpest steele exceeden farre.

XII.

But stinges and sharpest steele did far exceed
The sharpnesse of his cruel-rending clawes:
Dead was it sure, as sure as death indeed,
What ever thing does touch his ravenous pawes,
Or what within his reach he ever drawes.
But his most hideous head my tongue to tell
Does tremble; for his deepe devouring iawes
Wyde gaped, like the griesly mouth of hell,
Through which into his darke abysses all ravin fell.

XIII.

And that more wondrous was, in either iaw
Three ranckes of yron teeth enraunged were,
In which yett trickling blood and gobbets raw
Of late devoured bodies did appeare,
That sight thereof bredd cold congealed feare;
Which to increase, and all at once to kill,
A cloud of smothering smoke and sulphure seare
Out of his stinking gorge forth steemed still,
That all the ayre about with smoke and stench did fill.

XIV.

His blazing eyes, like two bright shining shieldes,
Did burne with wrath, and sparkled living fyre:
As two broad beacons, sett in open fieldes,
Send forth their flames far off to every shyre,
And warning give that enemies conspyre
With fire and sword the region to invade,
So flam'd his eyne with rage and rancorous yre;
But far within, as in a hollow glade, [shade.
Those glaring lampes were sett that made a dreadful

XV.

So dreadfully he towards him did pas,
Forelifting up aloft his speckled brest,
And often bounding on the brused gras,
As for great ioyance of his new-come guest.
Eftsoones he gan advance his haughty crest,
As chauffed bore his bristles doth upreare,
And shoke his scales, to battaile ready drest, [feare,
That made the Red-crosse knight nigh quake for
As bidding bold defyaunce to his foeman neare.

XVI.

The knight gan fayrely couch his steady speare,
And fiersely ran at him with rigorous might;
The pointed steele, arriving rudely theare,
His harder hyde would nether perce nor bight,
But glauncing by, foorth passed forward right:
Yet sore amoved with so puissaunt push,
The wrathfull beast about him turned light,
And him so rudely passing by did brush
With his long tayle, that horse and man to ground did

XVII.

[rush.

Both horse and man up lightly rose againe,
And fresh encounter towards him addrest;
But th' ydle stroke yet backe recoyld in vaine,
And found no place his deadly point to rest.
Exceeding rage enflam'd the furious beast,
To be avenged of so great despight;
For never felt his imperceable brest
So wondrous force from hand of living wight,
Yethad he prov'd the powre of manya puissant knight.

XVIII.

Then with his waving wings displayed wyde,
Himselfe up high he lifted from the ground,
And with strong flight did forcibly divyde
The yielding ayre, which nigh too feeble found
Her flitting parts, and element unsound,
To beare so great a weight: he cutting way
With his broad sayles; about him soared round:
At last low stouping with unweldy sway,
Snatcht up both horse and man, to beare them quite

XIX.

[away.

Long he them bore above the subject plaine,
So far as ewghen bow a shaft may send,
Till struggling strong did him at last constraine
To let them downe before his flightes end:
As hagdard hauke presuming to contend
With hardy fowle, above his hable might,
His wearie pounces all in vaine doth spend
To trusse the pray too heavy for his flight,
Which coming down to ground does free itselfe by

XX.

[fight,

He so disseized of his gryping grosse,
The knight his thrillant speare againe assayd
In his bras-plated body to embosse,
And three mens strength unto the stroake helayd,
Wherewith the stiffe beame quaked as affrayd,
And glauncing from his scaly necke, did glyde
Close under his left wing, then broad displayd,
The percing steele there wrought a wound full wyde,
That with the uncouth smart the monster lowdly
cryde.

E iij

XXI.

He cryde as raging seas are wont to rore,
When wintry storme his wrathful wreck does threat,
The rolling billowes beate the ragged shore,
As they the earth would shoulder from her seat;
And greedy gulfe does gape, as he would eat
His neighbour element in his revenge;
Then gin the blustering brethren boldly threat
To move the world from off his stedfast henge,
And boystrous battaile make, each other to avenge.

XXII.

The steely head stuck fast still in his flesh,
Till with his cruell clawes he snatcht the wood,
And quite asunder broke; forth flowed fresh
A gushing river of blacke gory blood,
That drowned all the land whereon he stood;
The streame thereof would drive a water-mill:
Treble augmented was his furious mood
With bitter sence of his deepe-rooted ill,
That flames of fire he threw forth from his large nose-

XXIII.

[thrill.

His hideous tayle then hurled he about,
And therewith all enwrapt the nimble thyes
Of his froth-fomy steed, whose courage stout
Striving to loose the knott that fast him tyes,
Himselfe in streighter bandes too rash implies;
That to the ground he is perforce constraýnd
To throw his ryder; who can quickly ryse
From off the earth, with durty blood distaynd,
For that reprochfull fall right fowly he disdaynd:

XXIV.

And fercely tooke his trenchand blade in hand,
With which he stroke so furious and so fell,
That nothing seemd the puissaunce could withstand:
Upon his crest the hardned yron fell;
But his more hardned crest was armd so well,
That deeper dint therein it would not make;
Yet so extremely did the buffe him quell,
That from thenceforth he shund the like to take,
But when he saw them come he did them still forsake.

XXV.

The knight was wroth to see his stroke beguyld,
And smot againe with more outrageous might;
But backe againe the sparcling steele recoyld,
And left not any marke where it did light,
As if in adamant rocke it had beene pight.
The beast impatient of his smarting wound,
And of so fierce and forcible despight,
Thought with his winges to stye above the ground.
But his late wounded wing unserviceable found.

XXVI.

Then full of grief and anguish vehement
He lowdly brayd, that like was never heard,
And from his wide devouring oven sent
A flake of fire, that flashing in his beard
Him all amazd, and almost made afeard:
The scorching flame sore swinged all his face,
And through his armour all his body seard,
That he could not endure so cruell cace,
But thought his armes to leave, and helmet to unlace.

XXVII.

Not that great champion of the antique world,
 Whom famous poetes verse so much doth vaunt,
 And hath for twelve huge labours high extold,
 So many furies and sharpe fits did haunt,
 When him the poysoned garment did enchaunt
 With Centaures blood, and bloody verses charmd,
 As did this knight twelve thousand dolours daunt,
 Whom fyrie steele now burnt, that erst him armd,
 Thaterst him goodly armd, now most of all him harmd.

XXVIII.

Faynt, wearie, sore, emboyled, grieved, brent, [fire,
 With heat, toyle, wounds, armes, smart, and inward
 That never man such mischiefes did torment,
 Death better were, death did he oft desire,
 But death will never come when needes require;
 Whom so dismayd when that his foe beheld,
 He cast to suffer him no more respire,
 But gan his sturdy sterne about to weld, [feld.
 And him so strongly stroke, that to the ground him

XXIX.

It fortun'd, (as fayre it then befell)
 Behynd his backe, unweeting where he stood,
 Of auncient time there was a springing well,
 From which fast trickled forth a silver flood,
 Full of great vertues, and for med'cine good:
 Whylome, before that cursed dragon got
 That happy land, and all with innocent blood
 Defyld those sacred waves, it rightly, hot
 The Well of Life, ne yet his vertues had forgot:

XXX.

For unto life the dead it could restore,
And guilt of sinfull crimes cleane wash away;
Those that with sicknesse were infected sore
It could recure, and aged long decay
Renew, as one were borne that very day.
Both Silo this, and Iordan, did excell,
And th' English Bath, and eke the Germa Spau,
Ne can Cephise, nor Hebrus, match this well;
Into the same the knight back overthrown fell.

XXXI.

Now gan the golden Phœbus for to steepe
His fierie face in billows of the west,
And his faint steedes watred in ocean deepe,
Whiles from their iournall labours they did rest;
When that infernall monster, having kest
His wearie foe into that living well,
Gan high aduance his broad discoloured brest
Above his wonted pitch, with countenance fell,
And clapt his yron wings, as victor he did dwell.

XXXII.

Which when his pensive lady saw from farre,
Great woe and sorrow did her soule assay,
As weening that the sad end of the warre,
And gan to highest God entirely pray,
That feared chaunce from her to turne away:
With folded hands, and knees full lowly bent,
All night she watcht, ne once adowne would lay
Her dainty limbs in her sad dreriment,
But praying still did wake, and waking did lament.

XXXIII.

To morrow next gan earely to appeare,
That Titan rose to runne his daily race;
But earely ere the morrow next gan reare
Out of the sea faire Titan's deawy face,
Up rose the gentle virgin from her place,
And looked all about, if she might spy
Her loved knight to move his manly pace;
For she had great doubt of his safety,
Since late she saw him fall before his enemy.

XXXIV.

At last she saw where he upstarted brave
Out of the well, wherein he drenched lay;
As eagle fresh out of the ocean wave,
Where he hath leste his plumes all hory gray,
And deckt himselfe with fethers youthly gay,
Like eyas hauke up mounts unto the skies,
His newly-budded pinions to assay
And marveiles at himselfe stil as he flies;
So new this new-borne knight to battell new did rise.

XXXV.

Whom when the damned feend so fresh did spy,
No wonder if he wondred at the sight,
And doubted whether his late enemy
It were, or other new-supplied knight:
He, now to prove his late-renewed might,
High brandishing his bright deaw-burning blade,
Upon his crested scalp so sore did smite,
That to the scull a yawning wound it made;
The deadly dint his dulled sences all dismaid.

XXXVI.

I wote not whether the revenging steele
 Were hardned with that holy water dew
 Wherein he fell, or sharper edge did feele,
 Or his baptized hands now greater grew,
 Or other secret vertue did ensew;
 Els never could the force of fleshly arme,
 Ne molten mettall in his blood embrew,
 For till that stownd could never wight him harme
 By subtilty, nor slight, nor might, nor mighty charme.

XXXVII.

The cruell wound enraged him so sore,
 That loud he yelled for exceeding paine;
 As hundred ramping lions seemd to rore,
 Whom ravenous hunger did thereto constraine:
 Then gan he tosse aloft his stretched traine,
 And therewith scourge the buxome aire so sore,
 That to his force to yieiden it was faine;
 Ne ought his sturdy strokes might stand afore,
 That high trees overthrew, and rocks in peeces tore:

XXXVIII.

The same advauncing high above his head,
 With sharpe intended sting so rude him smott,
 That to the earth him drove, as stricken dead,
 Ne living wight would have him life behott:
 The mortall sting his angry needle shott
 Quite through his shield, and in his shoulder seasd,
 Where fast it stucke, ne would thereout be gott:
 The grieve thereof him wondrous sore diseasd,
 Ne might his rancling paine with patience be appeasd.

XXXIX.

But yet more mindfull of his honour deare,
 Then of the grievous smart which him did wring,
 From loathed soile he gan him lightly reare,
 And strove to loose the far infixed sting;
 Which when in vaine he tryde with struggeling,
 Inflam'd with wrath, his raging blade he heste,
 And strooke so strongly, that the knotty string
 Of his huge taile he quite asonder clefte;
 Five joints thereof he hewd, and but the stump him

XL.

[leste.

Hart cannot thinke what outrage and what eries,
 With fowle enfouldred smoake and flashing fire,
 The hell-bred beast threw forth unto the skies,
 That all was covered with darknesse dire:
 Then fraught with rancour and engorged yre,
 He cast at once him to avenge for all;
 And gathering up himselfe out of the mire,
 With his uneven wings did fiercely fall [all.
 Upon his sunne-bright shield, and grypt it fast with-

XLI.

Much was the man encumbred with his hold,
 In fear to lose his weapon in his paw,
 Ne wist yett how his talaunts to unfold;
 Nor harder was from Ceberus greedy iaw
 To plucke a bone, then from his cruell claw
 To reave by strength the griped gage away;
 Thrice he assayd it from his foote to draw,
 And thrise in vaine to draw it did assay:
 It booted nought to thinke to robbe him of his pray.

XLII.

Tho when he saw no power might prevaile,
His trusty sword he cald to his last aid,
Wherewith he fiersly did his foe assaile,
And double blowes about him stoutly laid,
That glauncing fire out of the yron plaid,
As sparckles from the andvile use to fly,
When heavy hammers on the wedg are swaid;
Therewith at last he forst him to unty
One of his grasping feete, him to defend thereby.

XLIII.

The other foote, fast fixed on his shield,
Whenas no strength nor stroks mote him constraine.
To loose, ne yet the warlike pledg to yield,
He smott thereat with all his might and maine,
That nought so wondrous puissaunce might sus-
Upon the ioint the lucky steele did light, [taine:
And made such way, that hewd it quite in twaine:
The paw yett missed not his minisht might,
But hong still on the shield, as it at first was pight.

XLIV.

For grieve thereof, and divelish despight,
From his infernall founnace forth he threw
Huge flames, that dimmed all the heavens light,
Enrold in duskish smoke and brimstone blew:
As burning Aetna from his boyling stew
Doth belch out flames, and rockes in peeces broke,
And ragged ribs of mountaines molten new,
Enwrap in cole-blacke clowds and filthy smoke,
That al the land with stench, and heven with horror
choke.

XLV.

The heate whereof and harmefull pestilence,
 So sore him noyd, that forst him to retire
 A little backward for his best defence,
 To save his body from the scorching fire,
 Which he from hellish entrailes did expire.
 It chaunst (eternall God that chaunce did guide)
 As he recoiled backward, in the mire
 His nigh forweari'd feeble feet did slide,
 And downie he fell, with dread of shame sore terrifide.

XLVI.

There grew a goodly tree him faire beside,
 Loaden with fruit and apples rosy redd,
 As they in pure vermilion had been dide,
 Whereof great vertues over all were redd;
 For happy life to all which thereon fedd,
 And life eke everlasting did befall:
 Great God it planted in that blessed stedd
 With his almighty hand, and did it call
 The Tree of Life, the crime of our first father's fall.

XLVII.

In all the world like was not to be fownd,
 Save in that soile, where all good things did grow,
 And freely sprong out of the fruitfull grownd,
 As incorrupted Nature did them sow,
 Till that dredd dragon all did overthrow.
 Another like faire tree eke grew thereby,
 Whereof whoso did eat, eftsoones did know
 Both good and ill: O mournfull memory! [dy.
 That tree through one man's fault hath doen us all to

XLVIII.

From that first tree forth flowd as from a well,
A trickling streame of balme, most soveraine
And dainty deare, which on the ground still fell,
And overflowed all the fertile plaine,
As it had deawed bene with timely raine;
Life and long health that gracious ointment gave,
And deadly wounds could heale, and reare againe
The sencelesse corse appointed for the grave;
Into that same he fell, which did from death him save.

XLIX.

For nigh thereto the ever-damned beast
Durst not approach, for he was deadly made,
And al that life preserved did detest;
Yet he it oft adventur'd to invade.
By this the drouping day-light gan to fade,
And yield his rowme to sad succeeding Night,
Who with her sable mantle gan to shade
The face of earth and wayes of living wight,
And high her burning torch set up in heaven bright.

L.

When gentle Una saw the second fall
Of her deare knight, who weary of long fight,
And faint through losse of blood, moov'd not at all,
But lay as in a dreame of deepe delight,
Besmear'd with pretious balme, whose vertuous might
Did heale his woundes, and scorching heat alay,
Againe she stricken was with sore affright,
And for his safetie gan devoutly pray,
And watch the noyous night, and wait for ioyous day.

LI.

The ioyous day gan early to appeare,
And fayre Aurora from the deawy bed
Of aged Tithone gan herselfe to reare
With rosy cheekes, for shame as blushing red:
Her golden locks for hast were loosely shed
About her eares, when Una her did marke
Clymbe to her charet, all with flowers spred,
From heven high to chace the chearelesse darke;
With mery note her lowd salutes the mounting lark.

LII.

Then freshly up arose the doughty knight,
All healed of his hurts and woundes wide,
And did himselfe to battaile ready dight;
Whose early foe awaiting him beside
To have devourd, so soone as day he spyde,
When now he saw himselfe so freshly reare,
As if late fight had nought him damnifyde,
He woxe dismaid, and gan his fate to feare;
Nathelesse with wonted rage he him advaunced neare:

LIII.

And in his first encounter, gaping wyde,
He thought att once him to have swallowd quight,
And rusht upon him with outrageous pryde;
Who him rencounting fierce, as hauke in flight,
Perforce rebutted back. The weapon bright
Taking advantage of his open iaw,
Ran through his mouth with so importune might,
That deepe emperst his darksom hollow maw,
And back retyrd, his life blood forth withal did draw.

LIV.

So downe he fell, and forth his life did breath,
That vanisht into smoke and cloudes swift;
So downe he fell, that th' earth him underneath
Did grone, as feeble so great load to lift;
So downe he fell, as an huge rocky clift,
Whose false foundation waves have washt away,
With dreadfull poyse is from the mayneland rift,
And rolling downe, great Neptune doth dismay;
So downe he fell, and like an heaped mountaine lay.

LV.

The knight himselfe even trembled at his fall,
So huge and horrible a masse it seemd,
And his deare lady, that beheld it all,
Durst not approach for dread, which she misdeemd,
But yet at last, whenas the direfull feend
She saw not stirre, off-shaking vaine affright,
She nigher drew, and saw that ioyous end;
Then God she prayd, and thankt her faithfull knight,
That had atchievde so great a conquest by his might.

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK I. CANTO XII.

Fayre Una to the Red-crosse knight
Betrouthed is with ioy;
Though false Duessa it to barre
Her false sleights doe imploy.

I.

BEHOLD I see the haven nigh at hand
To which I meane my wearie course to bend;
Vere the maine shete, and beare up with the land,
The which afore is fayrly to be kend,
And seemeth safe from storms, that may offend:
There this fayre virgin, wearie of her way,
Must landed bee, now at her iourneyes end;
There eke my feeble barke a while may stay,
Till mery wynd and weather call her thence away.

II.

Scarsely had Phœbus in the glooming East
Yett harnessed his fyrie-footed teeme,
Ne reard above the earth his flaming creast,
When the last deadly smoke aloft did steeme,
That signe of last-out-breathed life did seeme
Unto the watchman on the castle-wall,
Who thereby dead that balefull beast did deeme,
And to his lord and lady lowd gan call,
To tell how he had scene the dragon's fatall fall.

III.

Uprose with hasty ioy and feeble speed
That aged syre, the lord of all that land,
And looked forth, to weet if trew indeed
Those tydinges were, as he did understand;
Which whenas trew by tryall he out-fond,
He badd to open wyde his bräsen gate,
Which long time had beene shut, and out of hond
Proclaymed ioy and peace through all his state,
For dead now was their foe, which them forrayed late.

IV.

Then gan triumphant trumpets sownd on hye,
That sent to heven the ecchoed report
Of their new ioy, and happie victory
Gainst him that had them long opprest with tort,
And fast imprisoned in sieged fort.
Then all the people, as in solemne feast,
To him assembled with one full consort,
Reioycing at the fall of that great beast,
From whose eternall bondage now they were releast.

V.

Forth came that auncient lord and aged queene,
Arayd in antique robes downe to the grownd,
And sad habiliments right well besene:
A noble crew about them waited rownd,
Of sage and sober peres, all gravely gownd;
Whom far before did march a goodly band
Of tall young men, all hable armes to sound,
But now they laurell braunches bore in hand;
Glad signe of victory and peace in all their land.

VI.

Unto that doughtie conquerour they came,
 And him before themselves prostrating low,
 Their lord and patrone loud did him proclame,
 And at his feet their lawrell boughes did throw.
 Soone after them, all dauncing on a row,
 The comely virgins came, with girlands dight,
 As fresh as flowres in meadow greene doe grow,
 When morning dew upon their leaves doth light,
 And in their hands sweet timbrells all upheld on hight.

VII.

And them before the fry of children yong
 Their wanton sportes and childish mirth did play,
 And to the maydens sowing tymbrells song
 In well attuned notes a ioyous lay,
 And made delightfull musick all the way,
 Untill they came where that faire virgin stood;
 As fayre Diana in fresh sommer's day
 Beholdes her nymphes, enraung'd in shady wood,
 Some wrestle, some do run, some bathe in christall

VIII.

[flood:

So she beheld those maydens meriment
 With chearefull vew; who when to her they came,
 Themselves to ground with gracious humblesse bent,
 And her ador'd by honorable name,
 Lifting to heven her everlasting fame;
 Then on her head they sett a girlond greene,
 And crowned her twixt earnest and twixt game;
 Who in herself-resemblance well besene,
 Did seeme such as she was, a goodly maiden queene.

IX.

And after all the raskall many ran,
Heaped together in rude rablement,
To see the face of that victorious man,
Whom all admired, as from heaven sent,
And gaz'd upon with gaping wonderment;
But when they came where that dead dragon lay,
Stretcht on the ground in monstrous large extent,
The sight with ydle feare did them dismay,
Ne durst approach him nigh, to touch, or once assay.

X.

Some feard, and fledd; some feard, and well it faynd;
One, that would wiser seeme then all the rest,
Warnd him not touch, for yet perhaps remaynd
Some lingring life within his hollow brest,
Or in his wombe might lurke some hidden nest
Of many dragonettes, his fruitfull seede;
Another saide, that in his eyes did rest
Yet sparckling fyre, and badd thereof take heed;
Another said, he saw him move his eyes indeed.

XI.

One mother, whenas her foole-hardy chyld
Did come too neare, and with his talants play,
Halfe dead through feare, her litle babe revyl'd,
And to her gossibs gan in counsell say,
"How can I tell but that his talants may
"Yet scratch my sonne, or rend his tender hand?"
So diversly themselves in vaine they fray;
Whiles some more bold to measure him nigh stand,
To prove how many acres he did spred of land.

XII.

Thus flocked all the folke him rownd about;
The whiles that hoarie king, with all his traine,
Being arrived where that champion stout
After his foes defeasaunce did remaine,
Him goodly greetes, and sayre does entertayne
With princely gifts of yvory and gold,
And thousand thanks him yeeldes for all his paine;
Then when his daughter deare he does behold,
Her dearely doth imbrace, and kisseth manifold.

XIII.

And after to his pallace he them bringes,
With shaumes and trompets, and with clarions sweet,
And all the way the ioyous people singes,
And with their garments strowes the paved street;
Whence mounting up, they fynd purveyaunce meet
Of all that royall princes court became;
And all the floore was underneath their feet
Bespredd with costly scarlott of great name,
On which they lowly sitt, and fitting purpose frame.

XIV.

What needes me tell their feast and goodly guize,
In which was nothing riotous nor vaine?
What needes of dainty dishes to devize,
Of comely services, or courtly trayne?
My narrow leaves cannot in them contayne
The large discourse of roiall princes state;
Yet was their manner then but bare and playne,
For th' antique world excesse and pryde did hate:
Such proud luxurious pempe is swollen up but late.

XV.

Then when with meates and drinckes of every kinde
Their fervent appetites they quenched had,
That auncient lord gan fit occasion finde
Of straunge adventures and of perils sad,
Which in his travell him befallen had,
For to demandaund of his renowned guest;
Who then with utt'rance grave, and count'nance sad,
From poynt to poynt, as is before exprest,
Discourst his voyage long, according his request.

XVI.

Great pleasure, mixt with pittiful regard,
That godly king and queene did passionate,
Whyles they his pittifull adventures heard,
That oft they did lament his lucklesse state,
And often blame the too importune fate,
That heaped on him so many wrathfull wreaques;
For never gentle knight, as he of late,
So tossed was in Fortune's cruel freakes; [cheaks.
And all the while salt teares bedewd the hearers

XVII.

Then sayd that royall pere in sober wise,
"Deare Sonne! great beene the evils which ye bore
"From first to last in your late enterprise,
"That I note whether praise or pittie more;
"For never living man, I weene, so sore
"In sea of deadly daungers was distrest;
"But since now safe ye seised have the shore,
"And well arrived are, (high God be blest!)
"Let us devize of ease and everlasting rest."

XVIII.

" Ah! dearest Lord," said then that doughty knight,
 " Of ease or rest I may not yet devize,
 " For by the faith, which I to armes have plight,
 " I bownden am, streight after this emprize,
 " (As that your daughter can ye well advize)
 " Backe to retourne to that great Faery Queene,
 " And her to serve sixe yeares in warlike wize
 " Gainst that proud paynim king that works her teene;
 " Therefore I ought crave pardon till I there have

XIX.

[beene."

" Unhappy falls that hard necessity,"
 Quoth he, " the troubler of my happy peace,
 " And vowed foe of my felicity,
 " Ne I against the same can justly preace :
 " But since that band ye cannot now release,
 " Nor doen undo, (for vowes may not be vayne)
 " Soone as the terme of those six yeares shall cease,
 " Ye then shall hether backe retourne agayne,
 " The marriage to accomplish vovd betwixt you

XX.

[twayne:

" Which for my part I covet to performe,
 " In sort as through the world I did proclame,
 " That whoso kild that monster most deforme,
 " And him in hardy battayle overcame,
 " Should have mine onely daughter to his dame,
 " And of my kingdome heyre apparaunt bee ;
 " Therefore since now to thee perteynes the same,
 " By dew desert of noble chevalree,
 " Both daughter and ke kingdome lo I yield to thee."

XXI.

Then forth he called that his daughter fayre,
The fairest Un', his onely daughter deare,
His onely daughter and his onely hayre :
Who forth proceeding with sad sober cheare,
As bright as doth the morning starre appeare
Out of the east, with flaming lockes bedight,
To tell that dawning day is drawing neare,
And to the world does bring long-wished light ;
So faire and fresh that lady shewd herselfe in sight :

XXII.

So faire and fresh, as freshest flowre in May ;
For she had layd her mournefull stole aside,
And widow-like sad wimple throwne away,
Wherewith her heavenly beautie she did hide,
Whiles on her wearie iourney she did ride ;
And on her now a garment she did weare
All lilly white, withoutten spot or pride,
That seemd like silke and silver woven neare,
But neither silke nor silver therein did appeare.

XXIII.

The blazing brightnesse of her beauties beame,
And glorious light of her sun-shyny face,
To tell, were as to strive against the streame ;
My ragged rimes are all too rude and bace
Her heavenly lineaments for to enchace.
Ne wonder, for her own deare-loved knight,
All were she daily with himselfe in place,
Did wonder much at her celestial sight :
Oft had he seene her faire, but never so faire dight.

XXIV.

So fairely dight when she in presence came,
She to her syre made humble reverence,
And bowed low, that her right well became,
And added grace unto her excellence ;
Who with great wisdom and grave eloquence
Thus gan to say—but eare he thus had sayd,
With flying speede, and seeming great pretence,
Came running in, much like a man dismayd,
A messenger with letters, which his message sayd.

XXV.

All in the open hall amazed stood
Att suddeinnesse of that unwary sight,
And wondred at his breathlesse hasty mood ;
But he for nought would stay his passage right,
Till fast before the king he did alight ;
Where falling flat, great humblesse he did make,
And kist the ground wheron his foot was pight ;
Then to his handes that writt he did betake,
Which he disclosing, red thus, as the paper spake ;

XXVI.

‘ To thee, most mighty King of Eden fayre,
‘ Her greeting sends in these sad lines addrest
‘ The wofull daughter and forsaken heyre
‘ Of that great emperour of all the West,
‘ And bids thee be advized for the best,
‘ Ere thou thy daughter linck in holy band
‘ Of wedlocke to that new unknownen guest ;
‘ For he already plighted his right hand
‘ Unto another love, and to another land.

XXVII.

' To me, sad mayd, or rather widow sad,
 ' He was affyaunced long time before,
 ' And sacred pledges he both gave, and had,
 ' (False erraunt knight, infamous, and forswore)
 ' Witnesse the burning altars, which he swore,
 ' And guilty heavens of his bold periury,
 ' Which though he hath polluted oft of yore,
 ' Yet I to them for iudgment iust doe fly,
 ' And them coniure t' avenge this shamefull iniury.

XXVIII.

' Therefore since mine he is, or free or bond,
 ' Or false or trew, or living, or else dead,
 ' Withhold, O soverayne Prince! your hasty hond
 ' From knitting league with him, I you aread;
 ' Ne weene my right with strength adowne to tread;
 ' Thro' weakenesse of my widowhed or woe,
 ' For Truth is strong her rightfull cause to plead,
 ' And shall finde friends, if need requireth soe,
 ' So bids thee well to fare, thy neither friend nor foe.

XXIX.

FIDESSA.

When he these bitter byting wordes had red,
 The tydings straunge did him abashed make,
 That still he sate long time astonished,
 As in great muse, ne word to creature spake.
 At last his solemne silence thus he brake,
 With doubtfull eyes fast fixed on his guest;
 " Redoubted Knight! that for myne only sake
 " Thy life and honor late adventarest,
 " Let nought be hid from me that ought to be exprest.

XXX.

" What meane these bloody vowes and idle threats ;
 " Throwne out from womanish impatient mynd ?
 " What heavens, what altars, what enraged heates,
 " (Here heaped up with termes of love unkynd)
 " My conscience cleare with guilty bands would bind
 " High God be witnesse that I guiltlesse ame :
 " But if yourselfe, Sir Knight, ye faulty fynd,
 " Or wrapped be in loves of former dame, [same."
 " With cryme does not it cover, but disclose the

XXXI

To whom the Red-crosse knight this answere sent ;
 " My Lord, my King, be nought hereat dismayd,
 " Till well ye wote, by grave intendment,
 " What woman, and wherefore, doth me upbrayd
 " With breach of love and loialty betrayd.
 " It was in my mishaps, as hitherward
 " I lately traveild, that unwares I strayd
 " Out of my way, through perils straunge and hard ;
 " That day should faile me ere I had them all

XXXII.

[declard.

" There did I find, or rather I was fownd,
 " Of this false woman, that Fidessa hight,
 " Fidessa hight, the falsest dame on grownd,
 " Most false Duessa, royall richly dight,
 " That easy was t'inveigle weaken-sight ;
 " Who by her wicked arts and wiely skill,
 " Too false and strong for earthly skill or might,
 " Unwares me wrought unto her wicked will,
 " And to my foe betrayd, when least I feared ill."

XXXIII.

Then stepped forth the goodly royall mayd,
And on the ground herselfe prostrating low,
With sober countenance thus to him sayd;
" O pardon me, my soveraine Lord, to show
" The secret treasons which of late I know
" To have bene wrought by that false sorceresse ;
" Shee, onely she, it is that earst did throw
" This gentle knight into so great distresse,
" That death him did awaite in daily wretchednesse.

XXXIV.

" And now it seemes that she suborned hath
" This crafty messenger with letters vaine,
" To worke new woe and unprovided scath,
" By breaking of the band betwixt us twaine ;
" Wherein she used hath the practicke paine
" Of this false footman, clokt with simplenesse,
" Whome if ye please for to discover plaine,
" Ye shall him Archimago find, I ghesse,
" The falsest man alive ; who tries shall find nolesse."

XXXV.

The king was greatly moved at her speech,
And all with suddein indignation freight,
Bad on that messenger rude hands to reach.
Eftsoones the gart, which on his state did wait,
Attacht that faytor false, and bound him strait ;
Who seemingly sorely chauffed at his band,
As chained beare, whom cruell dogs doe bait,
With ydle force did faine them to withstand,
And often semblaunce made to scape out of their hand.

XXXVI.

But they him lay'd full low in dungeon deepe,
And bound him hand and foote with iron chains,
And with continual watch did warely keepe:
Who then would thinke, that by his subtile trains
He could escape fowle death or deadly pains?
Thus, when that prince's wrath was pacified,
He gan renew the late-forbidden baines,
And to the knight his daughter dear he tyde
With sacred rites and vowes forever to abyde.

XXXVII.

His owne two hands the holy knotte did knitt,
That none but death for ever can divide;
His owne two hands, for such a turne most fitt,
The housling fire did kindle and provide,
And holy water thereon sprinckled wide;
At which the bushy teade a groome did light,
And sacred lamp in secret chamber hide,
Where it should not be quenched day nor night,
For feare of evil fates, but burnen ever bright.

XXXVIII.

Then gan they sprinckle all the posts with wine,
And made great feast to solemnize that day;
They all perfumde with frankincense divine,
And precious odours fetcht from far away,
That all the house did sweat with great aray;
And all the while sweete Musicke did apply
Her curious skill the warbling notes to play,
To drive away the dull melancholy,
The whiles one sung a song of love and iollity.

XXXIX.

During the which there was an heavenly noise
Heard sownd through all the pallace pleasantly,
Like as it had bene many an angels voice
Singing before th' eternal Maiesty,
In their trinall triplicities on hye ;
Yet wist no creature whence that heavenly sweet
Proceeded, yet each one felt secretly
Himselfe thereby refte of his senses meet,
And ravished with rare impression in his sprite.

XL.

Great ioy was made that day of young and old,
And solemne feast proclaymd throughout the land,
That their exceeding merth may not be told :
Suffice it heare by signes to understand
The usual ioyes at knitting of love's band :
Thrise happy man the knight himselfe did hold,
Possessed of his ladies hart and hand ;
And ever, when his eie did her behold,
His heart did seeme to melt in pleasures manifold.

XLI.

Her ioyous presence and sweet company
In full content he there did long enioy ;
Ne wicked envy, ne vile gealosity,
His deare delights were hable to annoy :
Yet swimming in that sea of blisful ioy,
He nought forgott how he whilome had sworne,
In case he could that monstrous beast destroy,
Into his Faery Queene backe to retourne ;
The which he shortly did, and Una left to mourne.

XLII.

Now strike your sailes, yee iolly Mariners !
 For we be come unto a quiet rode,
 Where we must land some of our passengers,
 And light this weary vessell of her lode :
 Here she a while may make her safe abode,
 Till she repaired have her tackles spent,
 And want supplide : and then againe abroad
 On the long voiage whereto she is bent :
 Well may she speede, and fairely finish her intent.

End of Book First.

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THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK II.

Contayning

The Legend of Sir Guyon, or of Temperaunce.

I.

RIGHT well I wote, most mighty Soveraine!
That all this famous antique history
Of some th' aboundance of an ydle braine
Will iudged be, and painted forgery,
Rather than matter of iust memory;
Sith none that breatheth living aire doth know
Where is that happy Land of Faery,
Which I so much doe vaunt, yet no where show,
But vouch antiquities which no body can know.

II.

But let that man with better sence advize,
That of the world least part to us is red;
And daily how through hardy enterprize
Many great regions are discovered,
Which to late age were never mentioned.
Who ever heard of th' Indian Peru?
Or who in venturous vessell measured
The Amazons huge river, now found trew?
Or fruitfulest Virginia who did ever vew?

III.

Yet all these were, when no man did them know,
Yet have from wisest ages hidden beene;
And later times thinges more unknowne shall show.
Why then should witlesse man so much misweene,
That nothing is but that which he hath seene?
What if within the moones fayre shining spheare,
What if in every other starre unseene,
Of other worldes he happily should heare? [peare.
He wonder would much more; yet such to some ap-

IV.

Of Faery Lond yet if he more inquire,
By certain signes, here sett in sondrie place,
He may it fynd; ne let him then admyre,
But yield his sence to bee too blunt and bace,
That no'te without an hound fine footing trace.
And thou, O fayrest Princesse under sky!
In this fayre mirrhour maist behold thy face,
And thine owne realmes in Lond of Faery,
And in this antique ymage thy great auncestry.

V.

The which O pardon me thus to enfold
In covert vele, and wrap in shadowes light,
That feeble eyes your glory may behold,
Which ells could not endure those beames bright,
But would bee dazled with exceeding light.
O pardon, and vouchsafe with patient care
The brave adventures of this Faery knight,
The good Sir Guyon, gratically to heare, [peare.
In whom great rule of temp'raunce goodly doth ap-

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK II. CANTO I.

Guyon, by Archimage abusd,
The Red-crosse knight awaytes ;
Fyndes Mordant and Amavia slaine
With Pleasures poisoned baytes.

I.

THAT conning architect of cancred guyle,
Whom princes late displeasure left in bands
For falsed letters and suborned wyle,
Soone as the Red-crosse knight he understands
To beene departed out of Eden landes,
To serve again his soveraine Elfin Queene,
His artes he moves, and out of caytives handes
Himselfe he frees by secret meanes unseene,
His shackles emptie lefte, himselfe escaped cleene:

II.

And forth he fares, full of malicious mynd
To worken mischief, and avenging woe,
Whereever he that godly knight may fynd,
His onely hart-sore and his onely foe ;
With Una now he algates must forgoe,
Whom his victorious handes did earst restore
To native crowne and kingdom late ygoe,
Where she enioyes sure peace for evermore,
As wether-beaten ship arryv'd on happie shore.

III.

Him therefore now the obieſt of his ſpight
And deadly feude he makes: him to offend
By forged treason or by open fight
He ſeekes, of all his diſte the aymed end:
Thereto his ſubtile engins he does bend,
His practick witt and his fayre-fyled tonge,
With thouſand other ſleightes; for well he kend
His credit now in doubtfull ballaunce hong;
For hardly could bee hurt, who was already ſtong.

IV.

Still as he went he craftie ſtales did lay,
With cunning traynes him to entrap unwares,
And privy ſpyals plaſt in all his way,
To weete what courſe he takes, and how he fares,
To ketch him at a vauntage in his ſnares:
But now ſo wiſe and wary was the knight
By tryall of his former harmes and cares,
That he deſcryde and ſhonned ſtill his ſlight: [byte.
The fiſh that once was caught new bayt wil hardly

V.

Nath'leſſe th' enchaunter would not ſpare his payne,
In hope to win occaſion to his will;
Which, when he long awaited had in vayne,
He chaungd his mynd from one to other ill;
For to all good he enemy was ſtill.
Upon the way him fortun'd to meete,
Fayre marching underneath a ſhady hill,
A goodly knight, all armd in harnesse meete,
That from his head no place appeared to his feete.

VI.

His carriage was full comely and upright,
His countenance demure and temperate,
But yett so sterne and terrible in sight,
That cheard his friendes, and did his foes amate:
He was an Elfin borne of noble state,
And mickle worship in his native land;
Well could he tourney, and in lists debate,
And knighthood tooke of good Sir Huon's hand,
When with King Oberon he came to Fary Land.

VII.

Him als accompanyd upon the way
A comely palmer, clad in black attyre,
Of rypest yeares, and heares all hoarie gray,
That with a staffe his feeble steps did stire,
Least his long way his aged limbes should tire;
And if by lookes one may the mind aread,
He seemd to be a sage and sober syre,
And ever with slow pace the knight did lead,
Who taught his trampling steed with equall steps to

VIII

[tread.

Such whenas Archimago them did view,
He weened well to worke some uncouth wyle;]
Eftsoones untwisting his deceitfull clew,
He gan to weave a web of wicked guyle,
And with faire countenance and flattrng style
To them approching, thus the knight bespake;
"Fayre sonne of Mars! that seeke with warlike spoyle
"And great atchiev'ments, great yourselfe to make,
"Vouchsafe to stay your steed for humble misers sake.

IX.

He stayd his steed for humble misers sake,
 And badd tell on the tenor of his playnt;
 Who faigning then in every limb to quake
 Through inward feare, and seeming pale and faynt,
 With piteous mone his percing speach gan paynt;
 "Dear Lady! how shall I declare thy cace,
 "Whome late I left in languorous constraynt?
 "Would god thyselfe now present were in place,
 "To tell this ruefull tale; thy sight could win thee

X

[grace;

"Or rather would, (O would it so had chaunst!)
 "That you, most noble Sir! had present beene
 "When that lewd rybould, with vile lust advaunst,
 "Laid first his filthie hands on virgin cleene,
 "To spoyle her dainty corps so faire and sheene,
 "As on the earth, great mother of us all,
 "With living eye more fayre was never seene
 "Of chastity and honour virginall: [call."
 "Witnes ye Heavens! whom she in vaine to help did

XI.

"How may it be," sayd then the knight halfe wroth,
 "That knight should knighthood ever so have
 shent?"
 "None but that saw," quoth he, "would weene for
 "How shamefully that mayd he did torment: [truth
 "Her looser golden lockes he rudely rent,
 "And drew her on the ground, and his sharpe sword
 "Against her snowy brest he fiercely bent,
 "And threatned death with many a bloodie word
 "Tonge hates to tell the rest that eye to see abhord."

XII.

Therewith amoved from his sober mood,
"And lives he yet," said he, "that wrought this act;
"And doen the heavens afford him vitall food?"
"He lives," quoth he, "and boasteth of the fact,
"Ne yet hath any knight his courage crackt."
"Where may that treachour, then," sayd he, "be
found,

"Or by what meanes may I his footing tract?"
"That shall I shew," sayd he, "as sure as hound
"The stricken deare, doth chaleng by the bleeding
[wound.]

XIII.

He stayd not lenger talke, but with fierce yre
And zealous haste away is quickly gone
To seeke that knight, where him that crafty squire
Supposd to be. They do arrive anone,
Where sate a gentle lady all alone,
With garments rent, and heare discheveled,
Wringing her handes, and making piteous mone:
Her swollen eyes were much disfigured,
And her faire face with teares was fowly blubbered.

XIV.

The knight approching nigh thus to her said,
"Faire Lady! through fowle sorrow ill bedight,
"Greate pitty is to see you thus dismayd,
"And marre the blossom of your beauty bright:
"Forthy appease your grieve and heavy plight,
"And tell the cause of your conceived payne;
"For if he live, that hath you doen despight,
"He shall you doe dew recompence agayne,
"Or els his wrong with greater puissance maintaine."

XV.

Which when she heard, as in despightfull wise,
She wilfully her sorrow did augment,
And offred hope of comfort did despise:
Her golden lockes most cruelly she rent,
And scratcht her face with ghastly dreriment:
Ne would she speake, ne see, ne yet be seen,
But hid her visage, and her head downe bent,
Either for grevous shame, or for great teene,
As if her hart with sorrow had transfixed beene:

XVI.

Till her that squyre bespake; "Madam, my liefse,
" For God's deare love be not so wilfull bent,
" But doe vouchsafe now to receive reliefe,
" The which good Fortune doth to you present:
" For what bootes it to weepe and to wayment?
" When ill is chaunst, but doth the ill increase,
" And the weake minde with double woe torment."
When she her squyre heard speake, she gan appease
Her voluntarie paine, and feele some secret ease.

XVII.

Eftsoone she said, "Ah! gentle trustie Squyre,
" What comfort can I wofull wretch conceive?
" Or why should ever I henceforth desyre
" To see faire heaven's face, and life not leave,
" Sith that false traytour did my honour reave?"
"False traytor, certes," saide the Faerie knight,
"I read the man, that ever would deceave
" A gentle lady, or her wrong through might;
" Death were too litle paine for such a fowle despight.

XVIII.

"But now, fayre Lady! comfort to you make,
 "Andreadewhohath yewrought thisshamefullplight,
 "That short revenge the man may overtake,
 "Whereso he be, and soone upon him light."
 "Certes," saide she, "I wote not how he hight,
 "But under him a gray steede he did wield,
 "Whose sides with dapled circles weren dight;
 "Upright he rode, and in his silver shield [field."
 "He bore a bloodie crosse, that quartred all the

XIX.

"Now by my head," saide Guyon, "much I muse,
 "How that same knight should doe so fowle amis,
 "Or ever gentle damzell so abuse;
 "For may I boldly say, he surely is
 "A right good knight, and trew of word ywis:
 "I present was, and can it witnesse well,
 "When armes he swore, and streight did enterpris
 "Th' adventure of the errant damozell, [tell.
 "In which he hath great glory wonne, as I heare

XX.

"Nathlesse he shortly shall againe be tryde,
 "And fairely quit him of th' imputed blame;
 "Els be ye sure he dearely shall abyde,
 "Or make you good amendment for the same:
 "All wrongs have mendes, but no amendes of shame.
 "Now therefore, Lady, rise out of your paine,
 "And see the salving of your blotted name."
 Full loth she seemd thereto, but yet did faine;
 For she was inly glad her purpose so to gaine.

XXI.

Her purpose was not such as she did faine,
Ne yet her person such as it was scene;
But under simple shew and semblant plaine
Lurkt false Duessa secretly unscene,
As a chaste virgin that had wronged beene:
So had false Archimago her disguysd,
To cloke her guile with sorrow and sad teene,
And eke himselfe had craftily devisd
To be her squire, and to do her service well aguysd.

XXII.

Her late forlorne and naked he had found,
Where she did wander in waste wilderness,
Lurking in rockes and caves far under ground,
And with greene mosse cov'ring her nakednesse,
To hide her shame and loathly filthinesse,
Sith her Prince Arthur of proud ornaments
And borrowd beauty spoyld: her nathelesse
Th' enchaunter finding fit for his intents
Did thus revest, and deckt with dew habiliments.

XXIII.

For all he did was to deceive good knights,
And draw them from pursuit of praise and fame,
To slug in slouth and sensuall delights,
And end their daies with irrenowned shame.
And now exceeding grieve him overcame,
To see the Red-crosse thus advaunced hye,
Therefore this craftie engine he did frame,
Against his praise to stirre up enmitie
Of such, as vertues like mote unto him all ye,

XXIV.

So now he Guyon guydes an uncouth way, [last
Through woods and mountaines, till thay came at
Into a pleasant dale, that lowly lay
Betwixt two hils, whose high heads overplast
The valley did with coole shade overcast;
Through midst thereof a little river rold,
By which there sate a knight with helme unlaste,
Himselfe refreshing with the liquid cold,
After his travell long and labours manifold.

XXV.

"Lo yonder he," cryde Archimage alowd,
"That wrought the shamefull fact which I did
shew,
"And now he doth himselfe in secret shrowd,
"To fly the vengeaunce for his outrage dew;
"But vaine; for he shall dearely do him rew;
"So God ye speed, and send you good successe,
"Which we far off will here abide to vew."
So they him left inflam'd with wrathfulnesse,
That streight against that knight his speare he did

XXVI.

[addresse.

Who seeing him from far so fierce to pricke,
His warlike armes about him gan embrace,
And in the rest his ready speare did sticke;
Tho whenas still he saw him towards pace,
He gan rencounter him in equall race.
They bene ymett, both ready to affrap,
When suddenly that warriour gan abace
His threatned speare, as if some new mishap
Had him betide, or hidden danger did entrap;

XXVII.

And cryde, "Mercie, Sir Knight! and mercie, Lord!
 "For mine offence and heedelesse hardiment,
 "That had almost committed crime abhord,
 "And with reproehfull shame mine honour shent,
 "Whiles cursed steele against that badge I bent,
 "The sacred badge of my Redeemer's death,
 "Which on your shield is set for ornament."
 But his fierce foe his steed could stay tmeath,
 Whoprickt with courage kene didcruell battell breath.

XXVIII.

But when he heard him speake, streight way he knew
 His error; and, himselfe inclyning, sayd,
 "Ah! deare Sir Guyon, well becommeth you,
 "But me behoveth rather to upbrayd,
 "Whose hasty hand so far from reason strayd,
 "That almost it did haynous violence
 "On that fayre ymage of that heavenly mayd
 "That decks and armes your shield with faire defence:
 "Your court'sie takes on you anothers dew offence."

XXIX.

So beene they both atone, and doen upreare
 Their bevers bright each other for to greet,
 Goodly comportaunce each to other beare,
 And entertaine themselves with court'sies meet.
 Then saide the Red-crosse knight, "Now mote I
 "Sir Guyon, why with so fierce saliaunce, [weet,
 "And fell intent, ye did at earst me meet;
 "For sith I know your goodly gouernaunce,
 "Great cause, I weene, you guided, or some uncouth
 chaunce."

XXX.

" Certes," said he, " well mote I shame to tell
 " The fond encheason that me hether led:
 " A false infamous faitour late befell
 " Me for to meet, that seemed ill bested,
 " And playnd of grievous outrage, which he red
 " A knight had wrought against a lady gent;
 " Which to avenge, he to this place me led,
 " Where you he made the marke of his intent,
 " And now is fled: foule shame him follow wher he

XXXI.

[went.]

So can he turne his earnest unto game,
 Through goodly handling and wise temperaunce.
 By this his aged guide in presence came,
 Who soone as on that knight his eye did glaunce,
 Eftsoones of him had perfect cognizaunce,
 Sith him in Faery Court he late avizd; [chaunce,
 And said, " Fayre Sonne! God give you happy
 " And that deare crosse uppon your shield devizd,
 " Wherewith above all knights ye goodly seeme

XXXII.

[aguizd.]

" Ioy may you have and everlasting fame,
 " Of late most hard atchiev'ment by you donne,
 " For which enrolled is your glorious name
 " In heavenly regesters above the sunne,
 " Where you a saint with saints your seat have wonne:
 " But wretched we, where ye have left your marke,
 " Most now anew begin like race to runne.
 " God guide thee, Guyon, well to end thy warke,
 " And to the wished haven bring thy weary barke."

XXXIII.

"Palmer," him answered the Red-crosse knight,
 "His be the praise that this atchiev'ment wrought,
 "Who made my hand the organ of his might;
 "More than goodwill to me attribute nought,
 "For all I did, I did but as I ought."
 "But you, faire Sir! whose pageant next enswees,
 "Well mote yee thee, as well can wish your thought,
 "That home ye may report thrise happy newes;
 "For well ye worthy bene for worth and gentle

XXXIV.

[thewes.]

So courteous conge both did give and take,
 With right hands plighted, pledges of good will;
 Then Guyon forward gan his voyage make
 With his blacke palmer, that him guided still;
 Still he him guided over dale and hill,
 And with his steedy staffe did point his way;
 His race with reason, and with words his will,
 From fowle intemperaunce he ofte did stay,
 And suffred not in wrath his hasty steps to stray.

XXXV.

In this faire wize they traveld long yfere,
 Through many hard assayes which did betide,
 Of which he honour still away did beare,
 And spred his glory through all cuntryes wide.
 At last, as chaunst them by a forest side
 To passe, for succour from the schorching ray,
 They heard a ruefull voice, that dearnly cride
 With percing shriekes and many a dolefull lay,
 Which to attend a while their forward steps they stay.

XXXVI.

" But if that carelesse hevens," quoth she, " despise
 " The doome of iust revenge, and take delight
 " To see sad pageaunts of men's miseries,
 " As bownd by them to live in lives despight,
 " Yet can they not warne death from wretched wight.
 " Come then, come soone, come, sweetest Death, to me,
 " And take away this long lent loathed light :
 " Sharpe be thy wounds, but sweete the medicines be,
 " That long captived soules from weary thraldome

XXXVII.

[free.

" But thou, sweete Babe! whom frowning froward
 " Hath made sad witnesse of thy father's fall, [Fate
 " Sith heven thee deignes to hold in living state,
 " Long maist thou live, and better thrive withall,
 " Then to thy lucklesse parents did befall :
 " Live thou, and to thy mother dead attest,
 " That cleare she dide from blemish criminall ;
 " Thy little hands embrewd in bleeding brest
 " Loe I for pledges leave. So give me leave to rest."

XXXVIII.

With that a deadly shrieke she forth did throw,
 That through the wood re-echoed againe,
 And after gave a grone so deepe and low,
 That seemd her tender heart was rent in twaine,
 Or thrild with point of thorough-piercing paine :
 As gentle hynd, whose sides with cruell steele
 Through launched, forth her bleeding life does raine,
 Whiles the sad pang approaching shée does feelee,
 Braies out her latest breath, and up her eies doth seele.

XXXIX.

Which when that warriour heard, dismounting strait
From his tall steed, he rusht into the thick,
And soone arrived where that sad pourtraict
Of death and dolour lay, halfe dead, halfe quick;
In whose white alabaster brest did stick
A cruell knife, that made a griesly wownd,
From which forth gusht a stream of gore blood thick,
That all her goodly garments staine arownd,
And into a deepe sanguine dide the grassy grownd.

XL.

Pitifull spectacle of deadly smart,
Beside a bubling fountaine low she lay,
Which shee increased with her bleeding hart,
And the cleane waves with purple gore did ray;
Als in her lap a lovely babe did play
His cruel sport instead of sorrow dew;
For in her streaming blood he did embay
His litle hands and tender ioints embrew;
Pitifull spectacle, as ever eie did vew.

XLI.

Besides them both, upon the soiled gras,
The dead corse of an armed knight was spread,
Whose armour all with blood besprinckled was;
His ruddy lips did smyle, and rosy red
Did paint his chearefull cheekes, yett being ded;
Seemd to have beene a goodly personage,
Now in his freshest flowre of lustyhed,
Fitt to enflame faire lady with loves rage;
But that fiers Fate did crop the blossome of his age.

XLII.

Whom when the good Sir Guyon did behold,
His hart gan wexe as starke as marble stone,
And his fresh blood did frieze with fearefull cold,
That all his sences seem'd bereft attone :
At last his mighty ghost gan deepe to grone,
As lion, grudging in his great disdaine,
Mournes inwardly, and makes to himselfe mone ;
Til ruth and fraile affection did constraine [paine.
His stout courage to stoupe, and shew his inward

XLIII.

Out of her gored wound the cruell steel
He lightly snatcht, and did the floodgate stop
With his faire garment ; then gan softly feel
Her feeble pulse, to prove if any drop
Of living blood yet in her veynes did hop ;
Which when he felt to move, he hoped faire
To call backe life to her forsaken shop ;
So well he did her deadly wounds repaire,
That at the last shee gan to breath out living aire.

XLIV.

Which he perceiving greatly gan reioice,
And goodly counsell (that for wounded hart
Is meetest med'cine) tempered with sweete voice ;
" Ay me ! deare Lady, which the ymage art
" Of ruefull pittie and impatient smart,
" What direfull chaunce, armd with avenging fate,
" Or cursed hand, hath plaid this cruell part,
" Thus fowle to hasten your untimely date ? [late."
" Speake, O dear Lady ! speake : help never comes too

XLV.

Therewith her dim eie-lids she up gan reare,
 On which the drery death did sitt, as sad
 As lump of lead, and made darke clouds appeare:
 But when as him, all in bright armour clad,
 Before her standing she espied had,
 As one out of a deadly dreame affright,
 She weakely started, yet she nothing drad;
 Streight downe againe herselfe in great despight
 She groveling threw to ground, as hating life and

XLVI.

[light.

The gentle knight her soone with carefull paine
 Uplifted light, and softly did uphold:
 Thrise he her reard, and thrise she sunck againe,
 Till he his armes about her sides gan fold,
 And to her said, " Yet if the stony cold
 " Have not all seized on your frozen hart,
 " Let one word fall that may your grief unfold,
 " And tell the secrete of your mortall smart:
 " He oft' finds present helpe who does his grieffe

XLVII.

[impart."

Then casting up a deadly looke, full low
 She sigh't from bottome of her wounded brest;
 And after many bitter throbs did throw;
 With lips full pale, and foltring tong opprest,
 These words she breathed forth from riven chest;
 " Leave, ah! leave off, whatever wight thou bee,
 " To lett a weary wretch from her dew rest,
 " And trouble dying soules tranquillitee: [to me."
 " Take not away now got, which none would give

XLVIII.

" Ah ! far be it," said he, " deare Dame, fro mee,
 " To hinder soule from her desired rest,
 " Or hold sad life in long captivitee;
 " For all I seeke is but to have redrest
 " The bitter pangs that doth your heart infest.
 " Tell then, O Lady ! tell what fatall priefe
 " Hath with so huge misfortunes you opprest,
 " That I may cast to compas your reliefe, [griefe."
 " Or die with you in sorrow, and partake your

XLIX.

With feeble hands then stretched forth on hye,
 As Heven accusing guilty of her death,
 And with dry drops congealed in her eye,
 In these sad wordes she spent her utmost breath;
 " Heare, then, O Man ! the sorrows that uneath
 " My tong can tell, so far all sence they pas :
 " Loe this dead corpse, that lies here underneath,
 " The gentlest knight that ever on greene gras
 " Gay steed with spurs did pricke, the good Sir Mor-

L.

[dant was.

" Was (ay the while, that he is not so now !)
 " My lord, my love, my deare lord, my deare love,
 " So long as Hevens iust with equall brow
 " Vouchsafed to behold us from above.
 " One day when him high corage did emmove,
 " (As wont ye knightes to seeke adventures wilde)
 " He pricked forth his puissant force to prove,
 " Me then he left enwombed of this childe, [defild.
 " This luckless childe, whom thus ye see with blood

I ij

LI.

" Him fortun'd (hard fortune, ye may ghesse)
 " To come where vile Acrasia does wonne ;
 " Acrasia, a false enchaunteresse,
 " That many errant knights hath fowle fordonne :
 " Within a wandering island, that doth ronne
 " And stray in perilous gulfes, her dwelling is :
 " Fayre Sir ! if ever there ye travell, shonne
 " The cursed land where many wend amis, [Blis.
 " And know it by the name ; it hight the Bowre of

LII.

" Her blis is all in pleasure and delight,
 " Wherewith she makes her lovers dronken mad,
 " And then with words and weedes of wondrous
 " On them she workes her will to uses bad : [might,
 " My liefest lord she thus beguiled had,
 " For he was flesh ; (all flesh doth frayltie breed)
 " Whom when I heard to beene so ill bestad,
 " (Weake wretch) I wrapt my selfe in palmer's weed,
 " And cast to seek him forth through danger and

LIII.

[great dreed

" Now had fayre Cynthia by even tournes
 " Full measured three quarters of her yeare,
 " And thrise threetymes had filld her crookedhorne,
 " Whenas my wombe her burdein would forbear,
 " And bad me call Lucina to me neare.
 " Lucina came : a manchild forth I brought ; [weare
 " The woods, the nymphes, my bowres, my midwives
 " Hard help at need. So deare thee, Babe ! I bought
 " Yet nought too dear I deemd, while so my deare
 sought.

LIV.

"Him so I sought, and so at last I fownd,
"Where him that witch had thrall'd to her will,
"In chaines of lust and lewde desyres ybownd,
"And so transformed from his former skill,
"That me he knew not, nether his owne ill;
"Till through wise handling and faire governaunce,
"I him recured to a better will,
"Purged from drugs of fowle intemperaunce;
"Then meanes I gan devise for his deliverance.

LV.

"Which when the vile enchaunteresse perceivd
"How that my lord from her I would reprove,
"With cup thus charmd him parting she deceiv'd;
"Sad verse, give death to him that death does give,
"And losse of love to her that loves to live,
"So soone as Bacchus with the nymphe does lineke:
"So parted we, and on our iourney drive,
"Till coming to this well, he stoupt to drinke:
"The charme fulfild, dead suddeinly he downe did.

LVI.

[sincke.

"Which when I wretch"—Not one word more she
But breaking off the end for want of breath, [sayd;
And slyding soft, as downe to sleepe her layd,
And ended all her woe in quiet death.
That seeing, good Sir Guyon could uneath
From teares abstayne; for grieve his hart did grate,
And from so heaveie sight his head did wreath,
Accusing Fortune and too cruell Fate,
Which plunged had faire lady in so wretched state.

LVII.

Then turning to his palmer said, " Old Syre,
 " Behold the ymage of mortalitie,
 " And feeble nature cloth'd with fleshly tyre,
 " When raging passion, with fierce tyranny,
 " Robs Reason of her dew regaletie,
 " And makes it servaunt to her basest part :
 " The strong it weakens with infirmitie,
 " And with bold furie armes the weakest hart :
 " The strong through pleasure soonest falles, the
 weake through smart."

LVIII.

" But Temperaunce," said he, " with golden squire,
 " Betwixt them both can measure out a meane,
 " Nether to melt in pleasures whott desyre,
 " Nor frye in hartlesse grieve and dolefull tene :
 " Thrise happy man ! who fares them both atweene.
 " But sith this wretched woman, overcome
 " Of anguish, rather than of crime hath bene,
 " Reserve her cause to her eternall doome,
 " And in the meane vouchsafe her honorable

LIX. [toombe."

" Palmer," quoth he, " death is an equall doome
 " To good and bad, the common inne of rest ;
 " But after death the tryall is to come,
 " When best shall bee to them that lived best :
 " But both alike, when death hath both supprest,
 " Religious reverence doth buriall teene,
 " Which whoso wants, wants so much of his rest ;
 " For all so great shame after death I weene,
 " As selfe to dyen bad, unburied bad to beene."

LX.

So both agree their bodies to engrave :
 The great earthies wombe they open to the sky,
 And with sad cypresse seemely it emgrave ;
 Then covering with a clod their closed eye,
 They lay therein those corsers tenderly,
 And bid them sleepe in everlasting peace :
 But ere they did their utmost obsequy,
 Sir Guyon, more affection to increace,
 Bynempt a sacred vow, which none should ay releace.

LXI.

The dead knight's sword out of his sheath he drew,
 With which he cutt a lock of all their heare,
 Which medling with their blood and earth, he threw
 Into the grave, and gan devoutly sweare,
 " Such and such evil God on Guyon reare,
 " And worse and worse, young Orphane ! be thy
 payne,
 " If I or thou dew vengeaunce doe forbear,
 " Till guiltie blood her guerdon doe obtayne."
 So shedding many tears they closd the earth agayne.

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK II. CANTO II.

Babes bloody handes may not be cleane. •
The face of golden Meane;
Her sisters, two Extremities,
Strive her to banish cleane.

I.

THUS when Sir Guyon, with his faithful guyde,
Had with dew rites and dolorous lament
The end of their sad tragedie uptyde,
The litle babe up in his armes he hent,
Who with sweet pleasaunce and bold blandishment
Gan smyle on them, that rather ought to weepe,
As carelesse of his woe, or innocent
Of that was doen; that ruth emperced deepe
In that knightes hart, and wordes with bitter teares

II.

[did steepe;

“ Ah! lucklesse Babe! borne under cruell starre,
“ And in dead parents balefull ashes bred,
“ Full little weenest thou what sorrowes are
“ Left thee for porcion of thy livelyhed.
“ Poore Orphane! in the wide world scattered,
“ As budding braunch rent from the native tree,
“ And throwne forth till it be withered;
“ Such is the state of men; thus enter we
“ Into this life with woe, and end with miseree.”

III.

Then soft himselfe inclyning on his knee
Downe to that well, did in the water weene
(So love does loath disdainfull nicitee)
His guiltie handes from bloody gore to cleene :
He washt them oft and oft, yet nought they beene
For all his washing cleaner : still he strove,
Yet still the litle hands were bloody seene ;
The which him into great amaz'ment drove,
And into diverse doubt his wavering wonder clove.

IV.

He wist not whether blott of fowle offence
Might not be purgd with water nor with bath ;
Or that high God, in lieu of innocence,
Imprinted had that token of his wrath,
To shew how sore blood-guiltinesse he hat' th ;
Or that the charme and veneme which they dronck,
Their blood with secret filth infected hath,
Being diffused through the senceless tronck, [stonck.
That through the great contagion direful deadly

V.

Whom thus at gaze the palmer gan to bord
With goodly reason, and thus fayre bespake ;
" Ye bene right hard amated, gracious Lord,
" And of your ignorance great merveill make,
" Whiles cause not well conceived ye mistake :
" But know, that secret vertues are infusd
" In every fountaine and in everie lake,
" Which who hath skill them rightly to have chusd,
" To prooffe of passing wonders hath full often usd :

VI.

- " Of those some were so from their sourse indewd
" By great Dame Nature, from whose fruitfull pap
" Their wel-heads spring, and are with moisture
 deawd,
" Which feeds each living plant with liquid sap,
" And filles with flowres fayre Floraes painted lap:
" But other some by guifte of later grace,
" Or by good prayers, or by other hap,
" Had vertue poud into their waters bace,
" And thenceforth were renowmd, and sought from

VII. [place to place.

- " Such is this well, wrought by occasion straunge,
" Which to her nymph befell. Upon a day,
" As she the woodes with bow and shaftes did raunge,
" The hartlesse hynd and roebucke to dismay,
" Dan Faunus chaunst to meet her by the way,
" And kindling fire at her faire-burning eye,
" Inflamed was to follow beauties chace,
" And chaced her, that fast from him did fly;
" As hynd from her, so she fled from her enemy.

VIII.

- " At last when fayling breath began to faint,
" And saw no meanes to scape, of shame affrayd,
" She set her downe to weepe for sore constraint,
" And to Diana calling lowde for ayde,
" Her deare besought to let her die a mayd.
" The goddesse heard, and suddaine where she sate,
" Welling out streames of teares, and quite dismayd
" With stony feare of that rude rustick mate, [state.
" Transformd her to a stone from stedfast virgin's

IX.

"Lo now she is that stone; from whose two heads,
"As from two weeping eyes, fresh streames do flow,
"Yet colde through feare and old conceived dreads:
"And yet the stone her semblance seemes to show,
"Shapt like a maide, that such you may her know;
"And yet her vertues in her water byde,
"For it is chaste and pure as purest snow,
"Ne lets her waves with any filth be dyde,
"But ever, like herselfe, unstayned hath been tryde.

X.

"From thence it comes, that this babe's bloody hand
"May not be clensd with water of this well:
"Ne certes, Sir, strive you it to withstand,
"But let them still be bloody, as befell,
"That they his mother's innocence may tell,
"As she bequeathd in her last testament;
"That as a sacred symbole it may dwell
"In her sonnes flesh, to mind revengement,
"And be for all chaste dames an endlesse moniment."

XI.

He hearkned to his reason; and the childe
Uptaking, to the palmer gave to beare;
But his sad father's armes with blood defilde
(An heavie load) himselfe did lightly reare;
And turning to that place, in which whyleare
He left his loftie steed with golden sell,
And goodly gorgeous barbes, him found not theare:
By other accident, that earst befell,
He is convaide; but how or where, here fits not tell.

XII.

Which when Sir Guyon saw, all were he wroth,
Yet algates mote he soft himselfe appease,
And fairely fair on foot, however loth;
His double burden did him sore disease.
So long they traueiled with little ease,
Till that at last they to a castle came,
Built on a rocke adioyning to the seas;
It was an auncient worke of antique fame,
And wondrous strong by nature and by skilful frame.

XIII.

Therein three sisters dwelt of sundry sort,
The children of one syre by mothers three,
Who dying whylome, did divide this fort
To them by equall shares in equall fee;
But stryfull mind and diverse qualitee
Drew them in partes, and each made others foe:
Still did they strive and daily disagree;
The eldest did against the youngest goe,
And both against the middest meant to worken woe.

XIV.

Where when the knight arriv'd, he was right well
Receiv'd, as knight of so much worth became,
Of second sister, who did far excell
The other two; Medina was her name,
A sober sad and comely courteous dame;
Who rich arayd, and yet in modest guise,
In goodly garments, that her well became,
Fayre marching forth in honorable wize,
Him at the threshold mett, and well did enterprize.

XV.

She led him up into a goodly bowre,
And comely courted with meet modestie,
Ne in her speech, ne in her haviour,
Was lightnesse seene or looser vanitie,
But gracious womanhood and gravitie
Above the reason of her youthly yeares;
Her golden lockes she roundly did uptye
In braided tramels, that no looser heares
Did out of order stray about her daintie eares.

XVI.

Whilest she her selfe thus busily did frame
Seemely to entertaine her new-come guest,
Newes hereof to her other sisters came,
Who all this while were at their wanton rest,
Accourting each her frend with lavish fest;
They were two knights of perelesse puissance,
And famous far abroad for warlike gest,
Which to these ladies love did countenaunce;
And to his mistresse each himselfe strove to advaunce.

XVII.

He that made love unto the eldest dame
Was hight Sir Huddibras, an hardy man;
Yet not so good of deedes as great of name,
Which he by many rash adventures wan,
Since errant armes to sew he first began:
More huge in strength than wise in workes he was,
And reason with foole-hardize over-ran;
Sterne melancholy did his courage pas,
And was, for terroure more, all armd in shyning bras.

XVIII.

But he that lov'd the youngest was Sansloy,
He that faire Una late fowle outraged,
The most unruly and the boldest boy
That ever warlike weapons menaged,
And all to lawlesse lust encouraged,
Through strong opinion of his matchlesse might;
Ne ought he car'd whom he endamaged
By tortious wrong, or whom bereav'd of right;
He now this ladies champion chose for love to fight.

XIX.

These two gay knights, vowd to so diverse loves,
Each other does envy with deadly hate,
And daily warre against his foeman moves,
In hope to win more favour with his mate,
And th' others pleasing service to abate,
To magnifie his owne: but when they heard
How in that place straunge knight arrived late,
Both knights and ladies forth right angry far'd,
And fercely unto battell sterne themselves prepar'd.

XX.

But ere they could proceede unto the place
Where he abode, themselves at discord fell,
And cruell combat ioynd in middle space:
With horrible assault and fury fell
They heapt huge strokes, the scorned life to quell,
That all on uprore from her settled seat
The house was raysd and all that in did dwell;
Seemd that lowde thunder with amazement great
Did rend the ratling skies with flames of fouldring
heat.

XXI.

The noyse thereof cald forth that straunger knight,
 To weet what dreadfull thing was there in hond;
 Where whenas two brave knightes in bloody fight
 With deadly rancour he enraunged fond,
 His sun-broad shield about his wrist he bond,
 And shyning blade unsheath'd, with which he ran
 Unto that stead, their strife to understand;
 And at his first arrivall them began
 With goodly means to pacifie well as he can.

XXII.

But they him spying, both with greedy forse
 Attonce upon him ran, and him beset
 With strokes of mortall steele without remorse,
 And on his shield like yron sledges bet.
 As when a bear and tygre, being met
 In cruell fighte, on Lybicke ocean wide,
 Espye a traveiler with feet surbet,
 Whom they in equall pray hope to divide,
 They stint their strife, and him assayle on everie side.

XXIII.

But he, not like a weary traveilere,
 Their sharp assault right boldly did rebut,
 And suffred not their blowes to byte him nere,
 But with redoubled buffes them backe did put;
 Whose grieved mindes, which choler did englut,
 Against themselves turning their wrathfull spight,
 Gan with new rage their shieldes to hew and cut:
 But still when Guyon came to part their fight,
 With heavie load on him they freshly gan to smight.

K ij

XXIV.

As a tall ship tossed in troublous seas,
Whom raging windes, threatning to make the pray
Of the rough rockes, doe diversly disease,
Meetes two contrairie billowes by the way,
That her on either side doe sore assay,
And boast to swallow her in greedy grave;
She scorning both their spights does make wide way,
And with her brest breaking the fomy wave,
Does ride on both their backs, and faire herself

XXV.

[doth save:

So boldly he him beares, and rusheth forth
Betweene them both, by conduct of his blade.
Wondrous great prowessse and heroick worth
He shewd that day, and rare ensample made,
When two so mighty warriors he dismade:
Attonce he wards and strikes, he takes and paies;
Now forst to yield, now forcing to invade,
Before, behind, and round about him laies;
So double was his paines, so double be his praise.

XXVI.

Straunge sort of fight, three valiaunt knights to see
Three combates ioine in one, and to darraine
A triple warre with triple enmittee,
All for their ladies froward love to gaine,
Which gotten was but hate. So Love does raine
In stoutest minds, and maketh monstrous warre;
He maketh warre, he maketh peace againe,
And yett his peace is but continual iarre.
O miserable men, that to him subiect arre!

XXVII.

Whilst thus they mingled were in furious armes,
The faire Medina, with her tresses torne,
And naked brest, in pittie of their harmes,
Emongst them ran, and, falling them beforne,
Besought them by the womb which them had born,
And by the loves which were to them most deare,
And by the knighthood which they sure had sworn,
Their deadly cruell discord to forbear,
And to her iust conditions of faire peace to heare.

XXVIII.

But her two other sisters standing by
Her lowd gainsaid, and both their champions bad
Pursew the end of their strong enmity,
As ever of their loves they would be gald;
Yet she with pitthy words and counsell sad
Still strove their stubborne rages to revoke;
That at the last suppressing fury mad,
They gan abstaine from dint of direfull stroke,
And hearken to the sober speaches which she spoke.

XXIX.

" Ah! puissaunt Lords, what cursed evil spright,
" Or fell Erinnyes, in your noble harts
" Her hellish brond hath kindled with despight,
" And stird you up to worke your wilfull smarts?
" Is this the ioy of armes? be these the partes
" Of glorious knighthood, after blood to thrust,
" And not regard dew right and iust desarts?
" Vaine is the vaunt, and victory uniuist, [trust.
" That more to mighty hands than rightful cause doth

XXX.

" And were there rightfull cause of difference,
 " Yet were not better fayre it to accord,
 " Then with blood-guiltinesse to heape offence,
 " And mortal vengeance ioyne to crime abhord?
 " O fly from wrath, fly, O my liefest lord!
 " Sad be the sights, and bitter fruites of warre,
 " And thousand furies wait on wrathfull sword:
 " Ne ought the praise of prowesse more doth marre,
 " Then foule revenging rage and base contentious

XXXI.

[iarre.

" But lovely concord and most sacred peace
 " Doth nourish vertue, and fast friendship breeds;
 " Weake she makes strong, and strong thing does in-
 " Till it the pitch of highest praise exceeds: [creace,
 " Brave be her warres, and honorable deeds,
 " By which she triumphes over yre and pride,
 " And winnes an olive girlond for her meeds.
 " Be therefore, O my deare Lords! pacifide,
 " And this misseeming discord meekely lay aside."

XXXII.

Her gracious words their rancour did appall,
 And suncke so deepe into their boyling brests,
 That downe they lette their cruell weapons fall,
 And lowly did abase their lofty crests
 To her faire presence and discrete behests.
 Then she began a treaty to procure,
 And stablish terms betwixt-both their requests,
 That as a law for ever should endure;
 Which to observe in word of knights they did
 assure.

XXXIII.

Which to confirme, and fast to bind their league,
 After their weary sweat and bloody toile,
 She them besought, during their quiet treague,
 Into her lodging to repair a while,
 To rest themselves, and grace to reconcile.

They soone consent ; so forth with her they fare,
 Where they are well receivd, and made to spoile
 Themselves of soiled arms, and to prepare
 Their minds to pleasure, and their mouths to dainty

XXXIV.

[fare.

And those two froward sisters (their faire loves)
 Came with them eke, all were they wondrous loth,
 And fained cheare, as for the time behoves,
 But could not colour yet so well the troth,
 But that their natures had appeard in both ;
 For both did at their second sister grutch
 And inly grieve, as doth an hidden moth
 The inner garment frett, not th'utter touch ;
 One thought her cheare too little, th'other thought

XXXV.

[too much.

Elissa (so the eldest hight) did deeme
 Such entertainment base, ne ought would eat,
 Ne ought would speake, but evermore did seeme
 As discontent for want of merth or meat ;
 No solace could her paramour intreat
 Her once to show, ne court, nor dalliaunce,
 But with bent lowring brows, as she would threat,
 She scould, and frownd with froward countenance
 Unworthy of faire ladies comely governaunce.

XXXVI.

But young Perissa was of other mynd,
Full of disport, still laughing, loosely light,
And quite contrary to her sister's kynd;
No measure in her mood, no rule of right,
But poured out in pleasure and delight;
In wine and meats she flow'd above the banck,
And in excesse exceeded her owne might;
In sumptuous tire she ioyed herselfe to pranck;
But of her love too lavish, litle have she thanck.

XXXVII.

Fast by her side did sitt the bold Sansloy,
Fitt mate for such a mincing mineon,
Who in her loosenesse tooke exceeding ioy;
Might not be found a francker franion,
Of her leawd parts to make companion.
But Huddibras, more like a malecontent,
Did see and grieve at his bold fashion;
Hardly could he endure his hardiment;
Yett still he satt, and inly did himselfe torment.

XXXVIII.

Betwixt them both the faire Medina sate,
With sober grace and goodly carriage;
With equall measure she did moderate
The strong extremities of their outrage;
That forward paire she ever would asswage,
When they would strive dew reason to exceed;
But that same froward twaine would accorage,
And of her plenty adde unto their need;
So kept she them in order, and herselfe in heed.

XXXIX.

Thus fairely she attempered her feast,
 And pleasd them all with meeete satiety:
 At last, when lust of meat and drinke was ceast,
 She Guyon deare besought of curtesie
 To tell from whence he came through ieopardy,
 And whether now on new adventure bownd.
 Who with bold grace and comely gravity,
 Drawing to him the eies of all arownd,
 From lofty siege began these words aloud to sownd:

XL.

"This thy demand, O Lady! doth revive
 "Fresh memory in me of that great queene
 "(Great and most glorious virgin queene alive)
 "That with her souveraine power and scepter shene
 "All Faery Lond does peaceably sustene.
 "In widest ocean she her throne does reare,
 "That over all the earth it may be seene;
 "As morning sunne her beames dispredden cleare,
 "And in her face faire peace and mercy doth appeare.

XLI.

"In her the richesse of all heavenly grace
 "In chiefe degree are heaped up on hye;
 "And all that else this world's enclosure bace
 "Hath great or glorious in mortall eye,
 "Adornes the person of her maiesye;
 "That men beholding so great excellence,
 "And rare perfection in mortalitye,
 "Doe her adore with sacred reverence,
 "As th' idole of her Maker's great magnificence.

XLII.

" To her I homage and my service owe,
 " In number of the noblest knightes on ground;
 " Mongst whom on me she deigned to bestowe
 " Order of Maydenhead, the most renownd
 " That may this day in all the world be found,
 " An yearely solemne feast she wontes to make,
 " The day that first doth lead the yeare around,
 " To which all knights of worth and courage bold
 " Resort, to heare of straunge adventures to be told.

XLIII.

" There this old palmer shewd himselfe that day,
 " And to that mighty princesse did complaine
 " Of grievous mischiefes, which a wicked Fay
 " Had wrought, and many whelmd in deadly paine,
 " Whereof he crav'd redresse. My sovaine,
 " Whose glory is in gracious deeds, and ioyes
 " Throughout the world her mercy to maintaine,
 " Eftsoones devild redresse for such annoyes;
 " Me all unfitt for so great purpose she employes.

XLIV.

" Now hath faire Phoebe with her silver face
 " Thrise seene the shadowes of the neather world,
 " Sith last I left that honorable place,
 " In which her roiall presence is enrold;
 " Never shall I rest in house nor hold,
 " Till I that false Acrasia have wonne,
 " Of whose fowle deedes, too hideous to be told,
 " I witnesse am, and this their wretched sonne,
 " Whose woefull parents she hath wickedly fore-
 done."

XLV.

"Tell on, fayre Sir!" said she, "that dolefull tale,
From which sad ruth does seeme you to restraine,
That we may pittie such unhappie bale,
And learne from pleasures poyson to abstaine:
Ill, by ensample, good doth often gayne."
Then forward he his purpose gan pursew,
And told the story of the mortall payne
Which Mordant and Amavia did rew,
As with lamenting eyes himselfe did lately vew.

XLVI.

Night was far spent, and now in ocean deep
Orion, flying fast from hissing snake,
His flaming head did hasten for to steep,
When of his pitteous tale he end did make;
Whilst with delight of that he wisely spake
Those guesstes beguyled did beguyle their eyes
Of kindly sleepe, that did them overtake:
At last, when they had markt the chaunged skyes,
They wist their houre was spent, then each to rest
him hyes.

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK II. CANTO III.

Vaine Braggadocchio getting Guyon's
Horse, is made the scorn
Of knight-hood trew, and is of fayre
Belpheobe fowle forlorne.

I

SOONE as the morrow fayre, with purple beames,
Disperst the shadowes of the misty night,
And Titan, playing on the eastern streames,
Gan cleare the dewy ayre with springing light,
Sir Guyon, mindfull of his vow yplight,
Uprose from drowsie couch, and him addrest
Unto the iourney which he had behight;
His puissaunt armes about his noble brest,
And many-folded shield he bound about his wrest.

II.

Then taking congè of that virgin pure,
The bloody-handed babe unto her truth
Did earnestly committ, and her coniure
In vertuous lore to traine his tender youth,
And all that gentle noriture ensu'th;
And that so soone as ryper yeares he raught,
He might for memory of that dayes ruth
Be called Ruddymane, and thereby taught
T'avenge his parents death on them that had it
wrought.

III.

So forth he far'd, as now befell, on foot,
Sith his good steed is lately from him gone;
Patience perforce: helplesse what may it boot
To frett for anger, or for grieve to mone?
His palmer now shall foot no more alone.
So Fortune wrought, as under greene woodes syde
He lately heard that dying lady grone,
He left his steed without, and speare besyde,
And rushed in on foot to ayd her ere she dyde.

IV.

The whyles a losell wandring by the way,
One that to bountie never cast his mynd,
Ne thought of honour ever did assay
His baser brest, but in his kestrell kynd
A pleasing vaine of glory he did fynd,
To which his flowing tounge and troublous spright
Gave him great ayd, and made him more inclynd,
He that brave steed there finding ready dight,
Purloyn'd both steed and speare, and ran away full

V.

[light.

Now gan his hart all swell in iollity,
And of himselfe great hope and help conceiv'd,
That puffed up with smoke of vanity,
And with selfe-loved personage deceiv'd,
He gan to hope of men to be receiv'd
For such as he him thought, or faine would bee;
But for in court gay portance he perceiv'd,
And gallaunt show to be in greatest gree,
Itsoones to court hecast t'advauce his first degree.

VI.

And by the way he chaunced to espy
 One sitting ydle on a sunny banck,
 To whom avaunting in great bravery,
 As peacocke, that his painted plumes doth pranck,
 He smote his courser in the trembling flank,
 And to him threatned his hart-thrilling speare;
 The seely man seeing him ryde so ranck,
 And ayme at him, fell flat to ground for feare,
 And crying, "Mercy," loud, his pitious handes

VII.

[gan reare.

Thereat the scarcrow waxed wondrous proud,
 Through fortune of his first adventure fayre,
 And with big thundring voice revyld him lowd;
 "Vile Caytive, vassall of Dread and Despayre,
 "Unworthie of the commune breathed ayre,
 "Why livest thou, dead dog, a lenger day,
 "And doest not unto death thyselfe prepayre?
 "Dy, or thyselfe my captive yield for ay: [stay."
 "Great favour I thee graunt for aunswere thus to

VIII.

"Hold, O deare Lord, hold your dead-doing hand,"
 Then loud he cryde, "I am your humble thrall."
 "Ah! wretch," quoth he, "thy destinies withstand
 "My wrathfull will, and doe for mercy call.
 "I give thee life; therefore prostrated fall,
 "And kisse my stirrup; that thy homage bee."
 The miser threw himselfe, as an offall,
 Streight at his foot in base humilitee,
 And cleeped him his liege, to hold of him in fee.

IX.

So happy peace they made and faire accord.
Eftsoones this liegeman gan to waxe more bold,
And when he felt the folly of his lord,
In his owne kind he gan himselfe unfold;
For he was wylie-witted, and growne old
In cunning sleighes and practick knavery.
From that day forth he cast for to uphold
His ydle humour with fine flattery,
And blow the bellows to his swelling vanity.

X.

Trompart, fitt man for Braggadochio
To serve at court in view of vaunting eye;
Vaine-glorious man, when fluttring wind does blow
In his light winges, is lifted up to skye;
The scorne of knighthood and trew chevalrye,
To thinke without desert of gentle deed,
And noble worth to be advannced hye;
Such prayse is shame; but honour, vertue's meed,
Doth beare the fayrest flowre in honourable seed.

XI.

So forth they pas, a well-consorted payre,
Till that at length with Archimage they meet;
Who seeing one, that shone in armour fayre,
On goodly courser thondring with his feet,
Eftsoones supposed him a person meet
Of his revenge to make the instrument;
For since the Red-crosse knight he erst did weet
To been with Guyon kritt in one consent,
The ill, which earst to him, he now to Guyon ment.

XII.

And comming close to Trompart, gan inquire
Of him, what mightie warriour that mote bee,
That rode in golden sell with single spere,
But wanted sword to wreake his enmittee?
“He is a great adventurer,” said he,
“That hath his sword through hard assay forgone,
“And now hath vowd, till he avenged bee
“Of that despight, never to wearen none; [grone.”
“That speare is him enough to doen a thousand

XIII.

Th’ enchaunter greatly ioyed in the vaunt,
And weened well ere long his will to win,
And both his foen with equall foyle to daunt;
Tho to him louting lowly did begin
To plaine of wronges, which had committed bin
By Guyon, and by that false Red-crosse knight;
Which two, through treason and deceitful gin
Had slayne Sir Mordant and his lady bright,
That mote him honour win to wreak so foule despight.

XIV.

Therewith all suddeinly he seemd enrag’d,
And threatned death with dreadfull countenance,
As if their lives had in his hand beene gag’d;
And with stiffe force shaking his mortall launce,
To let him weet his doughtie valiaunce,
Thus said, “Old Man, great sure shal be thy meed,
“If, where those knights for feare of dew vengeance
“Doe lurke, thou certainly to mee areed, [deed.”
“That I may wreake on them their hainous hateful

XV.

" Certes, my Lord," said he, " that shall I soothe,
 " And give you eke good helpe to their decay;
 " But, mote I wisely you advise to doon,
 " Give no ods to your foes, but doe purvay
 " Yourselfe of sword before that bloody day;
 " For they be two the prowest knights on grownd,
 " And oft approv'd in many hard assay;
 " And eke of surest steele, that may be fownd,
 " Do arm yourselfe against that day, them to con-

XVI.

[fownd."

" Dotard!" saide he, " let be thy deepe advise;
 " Seemes that through many yeares thywits thee faile,
 " And that weake eld hath left thee nothing wise,
 " Els never should thy iudgement be so frayle,
 " To measure manhood by the sword or mayle.
 " Is not enough fowre quarters of a man,
 " Withouten sword or shield, an hoste to quayle?
 " Thou litle wotest that this right-hand can:
 " Speake they, which have beheld the battailes which

XVII.

[it wan."

The man was much abashed at his boast:
 Yet well he wist that whoso would contend
 With either of those knightes on even coast,
 Should neede of all his armes him to defend,
 Yet feared least his boldnesse should offend;
 When Braggadocchio saide, " Once I did sweare,
 " When with one sword seven knightes I brought to
 " Thenceforth in battaile never sword to beare, [end,
 " But it were that which noblest knight on earth doth
 weare."

XVIII.

"Perdy, Sir Knight," saide then th' enchaunter blive,
 "That shall I shortly purchase to your hond;
 "For now the best and noblest knight alive
 "Prince Arthur is, that wonnes in Faerie Lond;
 "He hath a sword that flames like burning brond;
 "The same by my device I undertake
 "Shall by to morrow by thy side be fond."

At which bold word that boaster gan to quake,
 And wondred in his minde what mote that monster

XIX.

[make.

He stayd not for more bidding, but away
 Was suddeine vanished out of his sight:
 The northerne winde his wings did broad display
 At his commaund, and reared him up light,
 From off the earth to take his aerie flight.
 They lookt about, but no where could espye
 Tract of his foot; then dead through great affright
 They both nigh were, and each bad other flye;
 Both fled attonce, ne ever backe returned eye;

XX.

Till that they come unto a forrest greene, [feare;
 In which they shrowd themselves from causelesse
 Yet feare them followes still, where so they beene:
 Each trembling leafe and whistling wind they heare,
 As ghastly bug, does greatly them affeare;
 Yet both doe strive their fearefulnessse to faine.
 At last they heard a horne, that shrilled cleare
 Throughout the wood, that ecchoed againe,
 And made the forrest ring, as it would rive in twaine.

XXI.

Eft through the thicke they heard one rudely rush,
With noyse whereof he from his loftie steed
Downe fell to ground, and crept into a bush,
To hide his coward head from dying dreed;
But Trompart stoutly stayd to taken heed
Of what might hap. Eftsoone there stepped foorth
A goodly ladie clad in hunter's weed,
That seemd to be a woman of great worth,
And by her stately portance borne of heavenly birth.

XXII.

Her face so faire, as flesh it seemed not,
But hevenly pourtraict of bright angels hew,
Cleare as the skye, withouten blame or blot,
Through goodly mixture of complexions dew;
And in her cheekes the vermeill red did shew
Like roses in a bed of lillies shed,
The which ambrosiall odours from them threw,
And gazers sence with double pleasure fed,
Hable to heale the sicke, and to revive the ded.

XXIII.

In her faire eyes two living lamps did flame,
Kindled above at th' hevenly Maker's light,
And darted fyrie beames out of the same,
So passing persant and so wondrous bright,
That quite bereav'd the rash beholders sight:
In them the blinded god his lustfull fyre
To kindle oft assayd, but had no might;
For with dred maiestie and awfull yre, [syre.
She broke his wanton darts, and quenched bace de-

XXIV.

Her yvorie forehead, full of bounty brave,
Like a broad table did it selfe disprede,
For Love his loftie triumphes to engrave,
And write the battailes of his great godhed:
All good and honour might therein be red,
For there their dwelling was; and when she spake,
Sweete wordes like dropping honny she did shed,
And twitt the perles and rubins softly brake
A silver sound, that heavenly musicke seemd to make,

XXV.

Upon her eyelids many Graces eate,
Under the shadow of her even browes,
Working belgardes and amorous retrate,
And everie one her with a grace endowes,
And everie one with meekenesse to her bowes:
So glorious mirrhour of celestiall grace,
And soveraine monument of mortall vowes,
How shall frayle pen describe her heavenly face,
For feare through want of skill her beauty to disgrace?

XXVI.

So faire, and thousand thousand times more faire,
She seemd, when she presented was to sight,
And was yclad, for heat of scorching aire,
All in a silken canvas lilly whight,
Purfled upon with many a folded plight,
Which all above beaprinckled was throughout
With golden aygulets, that glistred bright,
Like twinckling starres, and all the skirt about
Was bound with golden fringe.

XXVII.

Below her ham her weed did somewhat trayne,
And her streight legs most bravely were embayld
In gilden buskins of costly cordwayne,
All bard with golden bendes which were entayld
With curious antickes, and full fayre aumayld;
Before they fastned were under her knee
In a rich iewell, and therein entrayld
The ends of all the knots, that none might see
How they within their fouldings close enwrapped bee:

XXVIII.

Like two faire marble pillours they were seene,
Which doe the temple of the gods support,
Whom all the people decke with girlonds greene,
And honour in their festivall resort;
Those same with stately grace and princely port
She taught to tread, when she herselfe would grade;
But with the woody nymphes when she did play,
Or when the flying libbard she did chace,
She could them nimbly move, and after fly apace.

XXIX.

And in her hand a sharpe bore-speare she held,
And at her backe a bow and quiver gay,
Stuft with steel-headed dartes, wherewith she queld
The salvage beastes in her victorious play,
Knit with a golden bauldricke, which forelay
Athwart her snowy brest, and did divide
Her daintie paps; which like young fruit in May
Now little gan to swell, and being tide,
Through her thin weed their places only signified.

XXX.

Her yellow lockes, crisped like golden wyre,
 About her shoulers weren loosely shed,
 And when the winde amongst them did inspyre,
 They waved like a penon wyde dispyred,
 And low behinde her backe were scattered;
 And whether art it were or heedlesse hap,
 As through the flourishing Forrest rash she fled,
 In her rude heares sweet flowres themselves did lap,
 And flourishing fresh leaves and blossomes did en-

XXXI.

[wrap.

Such as Diana by the sandy shore
 Of swift Egeotas, or on Cynthus greene,
 Where all the nymphes have her unwarres foreloze,
 Wandreth alone with bow and arrowes keene,
 To seeke her game; or as that famous queene
 Of Amazons, whom Pyrrhus did destroy,
 The day that first of Priame she was seene,
 Did shew herselfe in great triumphant ioy,
 To succour the weake state of sad afflicted Troy.

XXXII.

Such whenas hartlesse Trompart did her vew,
 He was dismayed in his coward minde,
 And doubted whether he himselfe should shew,
 Or fly away, or bide alone behinde;
 Both feare and hope, he in her face did finde:
 When she at last him spying thus bespake:
 "Hayle, Groomel! didst not thou see a bleeding hynde
 "Whose right haunch earst my stedfast arrow strake
 "If thou didst, tell me, that I may her overtake."

XXXIII.

Wherewith reviv'd, this answer forth he threw;
O Goddess! (for such I thee take to bee)
For nether doth thy face terrestriall shew,
Nor voyce sound mortall; I avow to thee
Such wounded beast, as that, I did not see,
Sith earst into this Forrest wild I came;
But mote thy goodlyhed forgive it mee,
To weete which of the gods I shall thee name,
That unto thee dew worship I may rightly frame."

XXXIV.

To whom she thus—but ere her words answd,
Unto the bush her eye did suddain glaunce,
In which vaine Braggadocchio was mewd;
And saw it stirre: she lefte her percing launce,
And towards gan a deadly shafte advaunce,
In mind to marke the beast: at which sad stowre
Trompart forth stept, to stay the mortall chaunce,
Out crying, "O! whatever heavenly powre,
Or earthly wight thou be, withhold this deadly

XXXV.

[howre.

O stay thy hand; for yonder is no game
For thy fiers arrowes them to exercize;
But loe my lord, my liege, whose warlike name
Is far renewnd through many bold emprise,
And now in shade he shrowded yonder lies."
He staid: with that he crould out of his nest,
Forth creeping on his caitive hands and thies,
And standing stoutly up, his lofty crest [rest.
Did fiercely shake and rowze, as comming late from

XXXVI.

As fearfull fowle, that long in secret cave
 For dread of soring hauke herselfe hath hid,
 Nor caring how her silly life to save,
 She her gay painted plumes disorderid,
 Seeing at last herselfe from daunger rid,
 Peepes forth, and soone renews her native pride,
 She gins her feathers fowle disfigured
 Prowdly to prune, and set on every side,
 So shakes off shame, ne thinks how erst she did her

XXXVII.

[hide:]

So when her goodly visage he beheld,
 He gan himselfe to vaunt ; but when he vewd
 Those deadly tooles which in her hand she held,
 Soone into other fitts he was transmewd,
 Till she to him her gracious speach renewd ;
 “ All haile, Sir Knight ! and well may thee befall,
 “ As all the like which honor have pursewd
 “ Through deeds of armes and prowesse martiall :
 “ All vertue merits praise, but such the most of all.”

XXXVIII.

To whom he thus, “ O fairest under skie !
 “ Trew be thy words, and worthy of thy praise,
 “ That warlike feats doest highest glorifie :
 “ Therein I have spent all my youthly daies,
 “ And many battailes fought, and many fraies,
 “ Throughout the world, wherso they might be found,
 “ Endeavoring my dreaded name to raise
 “ Above the moone, that Fame it may resound
 “ In her eternall tromp, with laurell girlond croud.

XXXIX.

"But what art thou, O Lady! which doest raunge
 "In this wilde forest, where no pleasure is,
 "And doest not it for ioyous court exchange,
 "Emongst thine equall peres, where happy blis
 "And all delight does raigne, much more then this?
 "There thou maist love, and dearly loved be,
 "And swim in pleasure, which thou here doest mis;
 "There maist thou best be seene, and best maist see:
 "The wood is fitt for beasts, the court is fitt for thee."

XL.

"Whoso in pompe of prowd estate," quoth she,
 "Does swim, and bathes himselfe in courtly blis,
 "Does waste his daies in darke obscuritee,
 "And in oblivion ever buried is:
 "Where ease abownds, yt's eath to doe amis;
 "But who his limbs with labours, and his mynd
 "Behaves with cares, cannot so easy mis.
 "Abroad in armes, at home in studious kynd,
 "Who seekes with painful toile shall Honor soonest

XLI.

[fynd :

"In woods, in waves, in warres, she wons to dwell,
 "And wil be found with perill and with paine;
 "Ne can the man that moulds in ydle cell
 "Unto her happy mansion attaine:
 "Before her gate high God did sweate ordaine,
 "And wakefull watches, ever to abide;
 "But easy is the way, and passage plaine
 "To Pleasure's pallace; it may soone be spide,
 "And day and night her dores to all stand open wide

XLII.

“In princes court”—The rest she would have said;
 But that the foolish man (fild with delight
 Of her sweete words, that all his sence dismayd,
 And with her wondrous beauty ravisht quight)
 Gan burne in filthy lust, and leaping light,
 Thought in his bastard armes her to embrace:
 With that she, swarving backe, her iavelin bright
 Against him bent, and fiercely did menace;
 So turned her about, and fled away apace.

XLIII.

Which when the pesaunt saw, amazd he stood,
 And grieved at her flight; yet durst he nott
 Pursue her steps through wild unknowen wood;
 Besides he feard her wrath, and threatned shott,
 Whiles in the bush he lay, not yet forgott:
 Ne car’d he greatly for her presence vayne,
 But turning said to Trompart, “What fowle blott
 “Is this to knight, that lady should agayne [dayne?”
 “Depart to woods untoucht, and leave so proud dis-

XLIV.

“Perdy,” said Trompart, “let her pas at will,
 “Least by her presence daunger more befall;
 “For who can tell (and sure I feare it ill)
 “But that she is some powre celestiall?
 “For whiles she spake, her great words did appall
 “My feeble corage, and my heart oppresse,
 “That yet I quake and tremble over all.”
 “And I,” said Braggadocchio, “thought no lesse,
 “When first I heard her horn sound with such
 ghastlinesse.

XLV.

"For from my mother's wombe this grace I have
 "Me given by eternal Destiny,
 "That earthly thing may not my corage brave
 "Dismay with feare, or cause one foot to flye,
 "But either hellish feends, or powres on hye;
 "Which was the cause, when earst that horne I heard,
 "Weening it had beene thunder in the skye,
 "I hid my selfe from it, as one affeard,
 "But when I other knew, my self I boldly reard.

XLVI.

"But now, for feare of worse that may betide,
 "Let us soone hence depart." They soone agree:
 So to his steed he gott, and gan to ride
 As one unfitt therefore, that all might see
 He had not trayned bene in cheualree;
 Which well that valiaunt courser did discern,
 For he despised to tread in dew degreet,
 But chaufd and fomid, with corage fiers and sterne,
 And to be easd of that bak burthen still did erne.

Mij

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK II. CANTO IV.

Guyon does Furor blind in chaines,
And stops Occasion;
Delivers Phedon, and therefore
By Strife is rayld upon.

I.

IN brave poursuitt of honorable deed,
There is I know not what great difference]
Betweene the vulgar and the noble seed,
Which unto things of valorous pretence
Seemes to be borne by native influence,
As feates of armes, and love to entertaine;
But chiefly skill to ride seemes a science
Proper to gentle blood: some others faine
To menage steeds, as did this vaunter; but in vaine.

II.

But he, the rightfull owner of that steede,
Who well could menage and subdew his pride,
The whiles on foot was forced for to yeed
With that blacke palmer, his most trusty guide,
Who suffred not his wandring feete to slide:
But when strong passion or weake fleshlinesse
Would from the right way seeke to draw him wide,
He would through temperaunce and stedfastnesse
Teach him the weak to strengthen, and the strong
suppresse.

III.

It fortun'd, forth faring on his way,
He saw from far, or seemed for to see,
Some troublous uprore or contentious fray,
Whereto he drew in hast it to agree.
A mad man, or that feigned mad to bee,
Drew by the heare along upon the grownd
A handsom stripling with great crueltee,
Whom sore he bett, and gor'd with many a wound,
That cheekes with teares, and sydes with blood, did

IV.

[all abownd.

And him behynd a wicked hag did stalke,
In ragged robes and filthy disaray,
Her other leg was lame, that she no'te walke,
But on a staffe her feeble steps did stay:
Her lockes, that loathly were and hoarie gray,
Grew all afore, and loosly hong unrold;
But all behind was bald, and worne away,
That none thereof could ever taken hold;
And eke her face ill-favour'd, full of wrinkles old.

Y.

And ever as she went, her tounge did walke
In fowle reproch and termes of vile dispiht,
Provoking him, by her outrageous talke,
To heape more vengeance on that wretched wight:
Sometimes she raught him stones, wherwith to smite;
Sometimes her staffe, though it her one leg were,
Withouten which she could not goe upright;
Ne any evil meanes she did forbore [reare.
That might him move to wrath, and indignation

VI.

The noble Guyon, mov'd with great remorse,
 Approching, first the bag did thrust away,
 And after adding more impetuous forse,
 His mighty hands did on the madman lay,
 And pluckt him backe; who all on fire, streightway
 Against him turning all his fell intent,
 With beastly brutish rage gan him assay, [rent,
 And smott, and bitt, and kickt, and scratcht, and
 And did he wist not what in his avengement.

VII.

And sure he was a man of mickle might,
 Had he had governaunce it well to guyde;
 But when the frantick fitt inflamd his spright,
 His force was vaine, and strooke more often wyde,
 Then at the aymed marke which he had eyde:
 And oft himselfe he chaunst to hurt unwares,
 Whylest reason, blent through passion, nought
 But, as a blindfold bull, at random fares, [descryde;
 And where he hits noughtknowes, and whom he hurts

VIII.

[nought cares.

His rude assault and rugged handeling
 Straunge seemed to the knight, that aye with foe
 In fayre defence and goodly menaging
 Of armes was wont to fight; yet nathemoe
 Was he abashed now, not fighting so;
 But more enfierced through his currish play,
 Him sternly grypt, and hailing to and fro,
 To overthrow him strongly did assay,
 But overthrew himselfe unwares, and lower lay:

IX.

And being downe, the villein sore did beate
And bruze with clownish fistes his manly face ;
And eke the hag, with many a bitter threat,
Still cald upon to kill him in the place :
With whose reproch and odious menace
The knight emboying in his haughtie hart,
Knitt all his forces, and gan soone unbrace
His grasping hold ; so lightly did upstart,
And drew his deadly weapon to maintaine his part.

X.

Which when the palmer saw, he loudly cryde,
“ Not so, O Guyon ! never thinke that so
“ That monster can be maistred or destroyd :
“ He is not, ah ! he is not such a foe
“ As steele can wound, or strength can overthrowe.
“ That same is Furor, cursed cruel wight, [woe ;
“ That unto knighthood workes much shame and
“ And that same hag, his aged mother, hight
“ Occasion, the roote of all wrath and despight ;

XI.

“ With her, whoso will raging Furor tame,
“ Must first begin, and well her amenge ;
“ First her restraine from her reprochfull blame
“ And evill meanes, with which she doth enrage
“ Her frantick sonne, and kindles his corage ;
“ Then when she is withdrawne, or strong withstood,
“ It's eath his ydle fury to aswage,
“ And calme the tempest of his passion wood :
“ The bankes are overflowne when stopped is the
flood.”

XII.

Therewith Sir Guyon left his first emprise,
And turning to that woman, fast her hent
By the hoare lockes that hong before her eyes,
And to the ground her threw : yet n'ould she stent
Her bitter rayling and fowle revilement,
But still provokt her sonne to wreake her wrong ;
But nathelesse he did her still torment,
And catching hold of her ungratious tong,
Thereon an yron lock did fasten firme and strong.

XIII.

Then whenas use of speach was from her rest,
With her two crooked handes she signes did make,
And beckned him ; the last helpe she had left :
But he that last left helpe away did take,
And both her handes fast bound unto a stake,
That she wo'te stirre. Then gan her soone to flye
Full fast away, and did her quite forsake ;
But Guyon after him in hast did hye,
And soone him overtooke in sad perplexitye.

XIV.

In his strong armes he stifly him embraste,
Who him gain-striving nought at all prevaild ;
For all his power was utterly defaite,
And furious fitts at earst quite weren quaild :
Oft he re'nforst, and oft his forces fayld,
Yet yield he would not, nor his rancor slack :
Then him to ground he cast, and rudely hayld,
And both his hands fast bound behind his backe,
And both his feet in fetters to an yron rack.

XV.

With hundred yron chaines he did him bind,
And hundred knots, that did him sore constraine;
Yet his great yron teeth he still did grind
And grimly gnash, threatning revenge in vaine:
His burning eyen, whom bloody strakes did straine,
Stared full wide, and threw forth sparkes of fyre;
And more for ranck despight, then for great paine,
Shakt his long locks, colourd like copper-wyre,
And bitt his tawny beard to shew his raging yre.

XVI.

Thus whenas Guyon Furor had captivd,
Turning about he saw that wretched squyre,
Whom that mad man of life nigh late deprivd,
Lying on ground, all soild with blood and myre;
Whom whenas he perceivd to respyre,
He gan to comfort, and his woundes to dresse:
Being at last recured, he gan inquirye
What hard mishap him brought to such distresse,
And made that caytive's thrall, the thrall of wretch-

XVII.

[ednesse?

With hart then throbbing, and with watry eyes,
"Fayre Sir!" quoth he, "what man can shun the hap
"That hidden lyes unwares him to surpryse?
"Misfortune waites advantage to entrap
"The man most wary in her whelming lap.
"So me weake wretch, of many weakest one,
"Unweeting and unaware of such mishap,
"She brought to mischief through Occasion,
"Where this same wicked villain did me light upon."

XVIII.

" It was a faithlesse squire, that was the source
 " Of all my sorrow and of these sad teares,
 " With whom from tender age of commune hours
 " Attence I was upbrought; and este when yeares,
 " More ripe us reason lent to chose our peares,
 " Ourselves in league of vowed love we knitt;
 " In which we long time without jealous fears
 " Or faultie thoughts contynewd, as was fitt,
 " And for my part, I vow, dissembled not a whit.

XIX.

" It was my fortune (commune to that age)
 " To love a lady fayre of great degree,
 " The which was borne of noble parentage,
 " And set in highest seat of dignitie,
 " Yet seemed no lesse to love then lord to bee:
 " Long I her serv'd, and found her faithful still,
 " Ne ever thing could cause us disagree;
 " Love that two hearts makes one, makes each one will:
 " Each strove to please, and others pleasure to fulfill.

XX.

" My friend, night Philemon, I did partake
 " Of all my love and all my privitie,
 " Who greatly injoyous seemed for my sake,
 " And gracious to that lady, as to mee;
 " Ne ever wight that mote so welcome bee
 " As he to her, withouten blot or blame;
 " Ne ever thing, that she could think or see,
 " But unto him she would impart the same:
 " O wretched man, that would abuse so gentle dame!

XXI.

At last such grace I found, and meanes I wrought,
That I that lady to my spouse had wonne;
Accord of friendes, consent of parents sought,
Affyaunce made, my happinesse begonne,
There wanted nought but few rites to be donne,
Which marriage make; that day too faire did seeme:
Most ioyous man, on whom the shining sunne
Did shew his face, my selfe I did esteeme,
And that my fals friend did no less ioyous deeme.

XXII.

But ere that wished day his beame disclosd,
He either envying my toward good,
Or of himselfe to treason ill disposd,
One day unto me came in friendly mood,
And told for secret how he understood
That lady, whom I had to me assynd,
Had both distaind her honorable blood,
And eke the faith which she to me did bynd,
And therefore wisht me stay, till I more truth should

XXIII.

[fynd.

The gnawing anguish and sharp gelosy,
Which his sad speach infixd in my brest,
Rankled so sore, and festred inwardly,
That my engreaved mind could find no rest,
Till that the truth thereof I did out-wrest,
And him besought, by that same sacred band
Betwixt us both, to counsell me the best:
He then with solenne oath and plighted hand
Assurd ere long the truth to let me understand.

XXIV.

“ Ere long with like againe he boorded mee,
“ Saying he now had boulded all the floure,
“ And that it was a groome of base degree,
“ Which of my love was partner paramoure,
“ Who used in a darkesome inner bowre
“ Her oft to meete; which better to approve,
“ He promised to bring me at that howre,
“ When I should see that would me nearer move,
“ And drive me to withdraw my blind abused love.”

XXV.

“ This gracelesse man, for furtherance of his guile,
“ Did court the handmayd of my lady deare,
“ Who, glad t’embosome his affection vile,
“ Did all she might more pleasing to appeare.
“ One day to worke her to his will more neare,
“ He woo’d her thus; ‘ Pryene (so she hight)
“ What great despight doth Fortune to thee beare,
“ Thus lowly to abase thy beautie bright,
“ That it should not deface all others lesser light?”

XXVI.

“ But if she had her least helpe to thee lent,
“ T’ adorne thy forme according thy desart,
“ Their blazing pride thou wouldest soone have blent,
“ And staynd their prayes with thy least good part;
“ Ne should faire Claribell with all her art,
“ Tho she thy lady be, approach thee neare;
“ For prooffe thereof this eyening, as thou art,
“ Aray thyselfe in her most gorgeous geare,
“ That I may more delight in thy embracemant deare.”

XXVII.

"The mayden, proud through praise, and mad through
"Him hearkned to, and soone herselfe arayd; [love,
"The whiles to me the treachour did remove
"His craftie engin, and, as he had sayd,
"Me leading, in a secret corner layd,
"The sad spectatour of my tragedie :
"Where left, he went, and his owne false part playd,
"Disguised like that groome of base degree,
"Whom he had feignd th' abuser of my love to bee.

XXVIII.

"Eftsoones he came unto th' appointed place,
"And with him brought Pryene, rich arayd
"In Claribellaes clothes : her proper face
"I not descerned in that darkesome shade,
"But weend it was my love with whom he playd.
"Ah God ! what horroure and tormenting grieve
"My hart, my handes, mine eies, and all assay'd !
"Me liefer were ten thousand deathes priefe,
"Then wounde of gealous worme, and shame of
XXIX. [such reprieve.

"I home retourning, fraught with fowle despight,
"And chawing vengeance all the way I went,
"Soone as my loathed love appeard in sight,
"With wrathfull hand I slew her innocent ;
"That after soone I dearely did lament :
"For when the cause of that outrageous deede
"Demaunded, I made plaine and evident,
"Her faultie handmayd, with that bale did breede,
"Confest how Philemon her wrought to chaunge
Volume II. N [her weede.

XXX.

" Which when I heard, with horrible affright
 " And hellish fury all enrag'd, I sought
 " Upon my selfe that vengeable despight
 " To punish; yet it better first I thought
 " To wreake my wrath on him, that first it wrought:
 " To Philemon, false faytour Philemon,
 " I cast to pay that I so dearly bought:
 " Of deadly drugs I gave him drinke anon,
 " And washt away his guilt with guilty potion.

XXXI.

" Thus heaping crime on crime, and grieve on grieve,
 " To losse of love adioyning losse of frend,
 " I meant to purge both with a third mischiefe,
 " And in my woes beginner it to end:
 " That was Pryene; she did first offend,
 " She last should smart: with which cruell intent,
 " When I at her my murdrous blade did bend,
 " She fled away with ghastly dreriment,
 " And I poursewing my fell purpose, after went.

XXXII.

" Feare gave her winges, and rage enforst my flight:
 " Through woods and plaines so long I did her chace,
 " Till this mad man (whom your victorious might
 " Hath now fast bound) me met in middle space:
 " As I her, so he me poursewd space,
 " And shortly overtooke: I breathing yre,
 " Sore chauffed at my stay in such a eace,
 " And with my heat kindled his cruell fyre, [spyre.
 " Which kindled once, his mother did more rage in-

XXXIII.

"Betwixt them both they have me doen to dye,
"Through wounds, and strokes, and stubborne hand-
"That death were better then such agony, [eling,
"As grieve and fury unto me did bring;
"Of which in me yet stickes the mortall sting,
"That during life will never be appeas'd."

When he thus ended had his sorrowing,
Said Guyon, "Squyre, sore have ye been diseas'd,
"But all your hurts may soone through temperance

XXXIV. [be eas'd."

Then gan the palmer thus, "Most wretched man,
"That to affections does the bridle lend;
"In their beginning they are weake and wan,
"But soone through suff'rance growe to fearfull end:
"Whiles they are weake, betimes with them contend;
"For when they once to perfect strength doe grow,
"Strong warres they make, and cruell battry bend
"Gainst fort of reason, it to overthrow:

"Wrath, gelosy, grieve, love, this squyre have laide
XXXV. [thus low.

"Wrath, gealosie, grieve, love, do thus expell,
"Wrath is a fire, and gealosie a weede;
"Grieve is a flood, and love a monster fell;
"The fire of sparkes, the weede of little seede,
"The flood of drops, the monster Filth did breede:
"But sparks, seed, drops, and filth, do thus delay:
"The sparks soon quench, the springing seed outweede,
"The drops dry up, and filth wipe cleane away;
"So shall wrath, gealosy, grieve, love die, and de-
cay."

XXXVI.

"Unlucky Squire," saide Guyon, "sith thou hast
 "Falne into mischiefe through intemperaunce,
 "Henceforth take heede of that thou now hast past,
 "And guyde thy waies with warie governaunce,
 "Least worst betide thee by some later chaunce.
 "But read how art thou nam'd, and of what kin."
 "Phaon I hight," quoth he, "and do advaunce
 "Mine auncestry from famous Coradin,
 "Who first to rayse our house to honour did begin."

XXXVII.

Thus as he spake, lo far away they spyde
 A varlet ronning towardes hastily,
 Whose flying feet so fast their way aplyde,
 That round about a cloud of dust did fly,
 Which mingled all with sweate did dim his eye.
 He soone approched, panting, breathlesse, whot,
 And all so soyld, that none could him descry;
 His countenaunce was bold, and bashed not [shot.
 For Guyon's lookes, but scornefull ey-glaunce at him

XXXVIII.

Behind his backe he bore a brasen shield,
 On which was drawn faire, in colours fit,
 A flaming fire in midst of bloody field,
 And round about the wreath this word was writ,
Burnt I doe burne. Right well besecmed it
 To be the shield of some redoubted knight;
 And in his hand two dartes exceeding flit
 And deadly sharp he held, whose heads were dight
 In poyson and in blood of Malice and Despight.

XXXIX.

When he in presence came, to Guyon first
 He boldly spake; "Sir Knight, if knight thou bee,
 "Abandon this forestalled place at erst,
 "For feare of further harme, I counsell thee,
 "Or bide the chaunce at thine own ieopardie."
 The knight at his great boldnesse wondered;
 And though he scorn'd his ydle vanitie,
 Yet mildly him to purpose answered,
 For not to grow of nought he it coniectured.

XL.

"Varlet! this place most dew to me I deteme,
 "Yielded by him that held it forcibly; {seeme
 "But whence shold come that harme, which thou dost
 "To threat to him that mindes his chaunce t'abye?"
 "Perdy," say'd he, "here comes, and is hard by
 "A knight of wondrous powre and great assay,
 "That never yet encountred enemy
 "But did him deadly daunt, or fowle dismay;
 "Ne thou for better hope, if thou his presence stay."

XLI.

"How hight he," then sayd Guyon, "and from
 "Pyrochles is his name, renowned farre [whence?"
 "For his bold feates and hardy confidence,
 "Full oft approvd in many a cruell warre,
 "The brother of Cymochles, both which arre
 "The sonnes of old Acrates and Despight;
 "Acrates sonne of Phlegeton and Iarre;
 "But Phlegeton is sonne of Herebus and Night;
 "But Herebus sonne of Aeternitie is hight.

N iij

XLII.

" So from immortall race he does proccede,
 " That mortall hands may not withstand his might,
 " Drad for his derring doe and bloody deed;
 " For all in blood and spoile is his delight.
 " His am I, Atin, his in wrong and right,
 " That matter make for him to worke upon,
 " And stirre him up to strife and cruell fight.
 " Fly, therefore, fly this fearfull stead anon,
 " Least thy fool-hardize worke thy sad confusion."

XLIII.

" His be thy care, whom most it doth concerne,"
 Sayd he: " but whether with such hasty flight
 " Art thou now bownd? for well mote I discern
 " Great cause, that carries thee so swifte and light."
 " My lord," quoth he, " me sent, and streight be-
 " To seeke Occasion, whereso she bee; [hight
 " For he is all disposd to bloody fight,
 " And breathes out wrath and hainous crueltee:
 " Hard is his hap that first falls in his ieopardie."

XLIV.

" Mad man," said then the palmer, " that does seeke
 " Occasion to wrath, and cause of strife;
 " Shee comes unsought, and shonned followes eke.
 " Happy, who can abstaine, when rancor rife
 " Kindles revenge, and threats his rusty knife:
 " Woe never wants where every cause is caught,
 " And rash Occasion makes unquiet life." [sought,
 " Then loe wher bound she sits, whom thou hast
 Said Guyon, " let that message to thy lord be
 brought."

XLV.

That when the varlett heard and saw, streightway
 He waxed wondrous wroth, and said, "Vile Knight,
 "That knights and knighthood doest with shame up-
 bray,
 "And shewst th' ensample of thy childishe might,
 "With silly weake old woman thus to fight:
 "Great glory and gay spoile sure hast thou gott,
 "And stoutly prov'd thy puissaunce here in sight;
 "That shall Pyrochles well requite, I wott,
 "And with thy blood abolish so reprochfull blott."

XLVI.

With that one of his thrillant darts he threw,
 Headed with yre and vengeable despight;
 The quivering steele his ayimed end well knew,
 And to his brest itselfe intended right;
 But he was wary, and ere it empight
 In the meant marke, advaunst his shield atween;
 On which it seizing, no way enter might,
 But backe rebownding left the forckhead keene;
 Sitsoones he fled away, and might no where be seene.

THE FAIRY QUEENE.

BOOK H. CANTO V.

By the devotion with Guyon fight,
And Furor's chayne untyes;
Who him sore wounds, whilst Arin to
Cynocles for ayd flyes.

WHOEVER doth to temperaunce apply
His stedfast life, and all his actions frame,
Trust me, shal find no greater enemy
Than stubborne perturbation to the same,
To which right wel the wise doe give that name;
For it the goodly peace of staid mindes
Does overthrow, and troublous warre proclaime;
His owne woes author, whose bound it findes,
As did Pynochles, and it wilfully unbindes.

I.
After that varlet's flight, it was not long
Ere on the plaine fast pricking Guyon spide
One in bright armes embatteiled full strong,
That as the sunny beames do glaunce and glide
Upon the trembling wave, so shined bright,
And round about him threw forth sparkling fire,
That seemd him to enflame on every side;
His steed was bloody red, and fomed yre, [stire
When with the maistring spur he did him roughl

III.

Approching nigh, he never staid to greet,
 Ne chaffar words, prowd corage to provoke,
 But prickt so fiers, that underneath his feete,
 The smouldring dust did rownd about him smoke,
 Both horse and man nigh able for to choke;
 And fayrly couching his steele-headed speare,
 Him first saluted with a sturdy stroke:
 It bootet nought Sir Guyon, comming neare,
 To thincke such hideous puissaunce on foot to beare.

IV.

But lightly shunned it, and passing by,
 With his bright blade did smite at him so fell,
 That the sharpe steele arriving forcibly
 On his broad shield bitt not, but glauncing fell,
 On his horse necke before the quilted sell,
 And from the head the body sundred quight:
 So him dismounted low he did compell
 On foot with him to matchen equall fight;
 The truncked beast fast bleeding did him fowlydight.

V.

Sore bruized with the fall he slow uprose,
 And all enraged thus him loudly shent;
 "Disleall Knight! whose coward corage chose
 To wreake itselfe on beast all innocent,
 And shund the marke at which it should be ment,
 Therby thine armes seem strong, but manhood
 So hast thou oft with guile thine honor blent; [frayl;
 But litle may such guile thee now avayl,
 If wonted force and fortune doe me not much fayl."

VI.

With that he drew his flaming sword, and strooke
 At him so fiercely, that the upper marge
 Of his seven-folded shield away it tooke,
 And glauncing on his helmet, made a large
 And open gash therein : were not his targe
 That broke the violence of his intent,
 The weary sowle from thence it would discharge ;
 Nathelesse so sore a buff to him it lent, [beat.
 That made him reele, and to his brest his bever

VII.

Exceeding wroth was Guyon at that blow,
 And much asham'd that stroke of living arme
 Should him dismay, and make him stoup so low,
 Though otherwise it did him little harme :
 Tho' hurling high his yron-braced arme,
 He smote so manly on his shoulder-platt,
 That all his left side it did quite disarme ;
 Yet there the steele stayd not, but inly bare
 Deepe in his flesh, and opened wide a red floodgatt.

VIII.

Deadly dismayd with horror of that dint
 Pyrochles was, and grieved eke ontye ;
 Yet nathemore did it his fury stint,
 But added flame unto his former fire,
 That wel-nigh melt his hart in raging yre :
 Ne thenceforth his approved skill, to ward,
 Or strike, or hurle rownd in warlike gyte,
 Remembred he, ne car'd for his saufgard,
 But rudely rag'd, and like a cruel tygre far'd,

IX.

He hewd, and last, and foynd, and thondred
And every way did seeke into his life; [blowes,
Ne plate, ne male, could ward so mighty throwes,
But yielded passage to his cruell knife:
But Guyon, in the heat of all his strife,
Was wary wise, and closely did awayt
Auantage, whilst his foe did rage most rife;
Sometimes athwart, sometimes he strook him strait,
And falsed off his blowes t'illude him with such bayt.

X.

Like as a lyon, whose imperiall powre
A proud rebellious unicorne defyes,
T'auoide the rash assault and wrathful stowre
Of his fiers foe, him to a tree applyes,
And when him running in full course he spyes,
He slips aside; the whiles that furious beast
His precious horne, sought of his enemyes,
Strikes in the stock, ne thence can be releast,
But to the mighty victor yields a bounteous feast.

XI.

With such faire sleight him Guyon often fayld,
Till at the last all breathlesse, weary, faint,
Him spying, with fresh onsett he assayld,
And kindling new his corage, seeming queint,
Strooke him so hugely, that through great constraint
He made him stoup perforce unto his knee,
And doe unwilling worship to the saint
That on his shield depainted he did see;
Such homage till that instant never learned hee.

XII.

Whom Guyon seeing stoup, poursewed fast
 The present offer of faire victory,
 And soone his dreadfull blade about he cast,
 Wherewith he smote his haughty crest so hye,
 That streight on grownd made him full low to lye,
 Then on his brest his victor foote he thrust;
 With that he cryde, "Mercy! doe me not dye,
 " Ne deeme thy force, by Fortune's doome uniuersall,
 " That hath (maugre her spight) thus low me laid in dust."

XIII.

[dust.]

Eftsoones his cruel hand Sir Guyon stayd,
 Tempring the passion with advizement slow,
 And maistring might on enemy dismayd,
 For th' equall die of warre he well did know;
 Then to him said, "Live, and alleagaunce owe
 " To him that gives thee life and liberty,
 " And henceforth by this daies ensample trow,
 " That hasty wroth and heedlesse hazardry
 " Doe breede repentaunce late and lasting infamy."

XIV.

So up he let him rise; who with grim looke
 And count'naunce sterne upstanding, gan to grind
 His grated teeth for great disdeigne, and shooke
 His sandy lockes, long hanging downe behind,
 Knotted in blood and dust, for grief of mind
 That he in ods of armes was conquered;
 Yet in himselfe some comfort he did find,
 That him so noble knight had maystered,
 Whose bounty more then might, yet both, he
 wondered.

XV.

Which Guyon marking, said, "Be nought agriev'd,
 "Sir Knight, that thus ye now subdew'd are;
 "Was never man who most conquestes atchiev'd,
 "But sometimes had the worse, and lost by warre,
 "Yet shortly gaynd that losse exceeded farre:
 "Losse is no shame, nor to bee lesse then foe;
 "But to bee lesser then himselfe doth marre
 "Both losers lott and victours prayse alsoe:
 "Vaine others overthrowes who selfe doth overthrow.

XVI.

"Fly, O Pyrochles I fly the dreadful warre
 "That in thyselfe thy lesser partes doe move;
 "Outrageous anger, and woe-working iarre,
 "Direfull impatience, and hart-murdring love:
 "Those, those thy foes, those warriours far remove,
 "Which thee to endlesse bale captived lead:
 "But sith in might thou didst my mercy prove,
 "Of courtesie to mee the cause aread [dread."
 "That thee against me drew with so impetuous

XVII.

"Dreadlesse," said he, "that shall I soone declare.
 "It was complaind that thou hadst done great tort
 "Unto an aged woman, poore and bare,
 "And thrall'd her in chaines with strong effort,
 "Voide of all succour and needful comfort:
 "That ill beseemes thee, such as I thee see,
 "To worke such shame: therefore I thee exhort
 "To chaunge thy will, and set Occasion free,
 "And to her captive sonne yield his first libertee."

XVIII.

Thereat Sir Guyon smylde. " And is that all,"
 Said he, " that thee so sore displeased hath ?"
 " Great mercy, sure, for to enlarge a thrall,
 " Whose freedom shall thee turne to greatest scath.
 " Nath'lesse now quench thy whott emboyling wrath
 " Loe there they bee ; to thee I yield them free."
 Thereat he wondrous glad, out of the path
 Did lightly leape, where he them bound did see,
 And gan to breake the bands of their captivitee.

XIX.

Soone as Occasion felt herselfe untyde,
 Before her sonne could well assoyled bee,
 She to her use returnd, and streight defyde
 Both Guyon and Pyrochles : th' one (said shee)
 Bycause he wonne; the other, because hee
 Was wonne : so matter did she make of nought
 To stirre up strife, and garre them disagree :
 But soone as Furor was enlargd, she sought
 To kindle his quencht fyre, and thousand causes

XX.

[wrought.

It was not long ere she inflam'd him so,
 That he would algates with Pyrochles fight,
 And his redeemer chalengd for his foe,
 Because he had not well mainteind his right,
 But yielded had to that same straunger knight.
 Now gan Pyrochles wex as wood as hee,
 And him affronted with impatient might ;
 So both together fiers engrasped bee, [see
 Whyles Guyon standing by their uncouth strife doe

XXI.

Him all that while Occasion did provoke
Against Pyrochles, and new matter fram'd
Upon the old, him stirring to bee wroke
Of his late wronges, in which she oft him blam'd
For suffering such abuse as knighthood sham'd,
And him dishabled quyte: but he was wise,
Ne would with vaine occasions be inflam'd;
Yet others she more urgent did devise;
Yet nothing could him to impatience entise.

XXII.

Their fell contention still increased more,
And more thereby increased Furor's might,
That he his foe has hurt and wounded sore,
And him in blood and durt deformed quight.
His mother eke, more to augment his spight,
Now brought to him a flaming fyer-brond,
Which she in Strygian lake, ay burning bright,
Had kindled; that she gave into his hand, [stond.
That armd with fire more hardly he mote him with-

XXIII.

Tho gan that villein wex so fiers and strong,
That nothing might sustaine his furious forse;
He cast him downe to ground, and all along
Drew him through durt and myre without remorse,
And fowly battered his comely corse,
That Guyon much disdeignd so loathly sight.
At last he was compell'd to cry perforce,
"Help, O Sir Guyon! helpe, most noble Knight,
"To ridd a wretched man from handes of hellish
wight."
O ij

XXIV.

The knight was greatly moved at his playnt,
And gan him dight to succour his distresse,
Till that the palmer, by his grave restraynt,
Him stayd from yielding pitifull redresse,
And said "Deare sonne! thy causelesse ruth represe,
" Ne let thy stout hart melt in pittie vayne:
" He that his sorrow sought through wilfulnesse,
" And his foe fettred would release agayne,
" Deserves to taste his follies fruit, repented payne."

XXV.

Guyon obeyd; so him away he drew
From needlesse trouble of renewing fight
Already fought, his voyage to poursew:
But rash Pyrochles' varlett, Atin hight,
When late he saw his lord in heavie plight
Under Sir Guyon's puissaunt stroke to fall,
Him deeming dead, as then he seemd in sight,
Fledd fast away, to tell his funerall
Unto his brother, whom Cymochles men did call.

XXVI.

He was a man of rare redoubted might,
Famous throughout the world for warlike prayse,
And glorious spoyles, purchast in perilous fight:
Full many doughtie knightes he in his dayes
Had doen to death, subdewde in equall frayes,
Whose carkases, for terrour of his name,
Of fowles and beastes he made the piteous prayes,
And hong their conquerd armes, for more defame
On gallow-trees, in honour of his dearest dame.

XXVII.

His dearest dame is that enchaunteresse,
The vyle Acrasia, that with vaine delightes,
And ydle pleasures in her Bowre of Blisse,
Does charme her lovers, and the feeble sprights
Can call out of the bodies of fraile wightes; [hewes,
Whom then she does transforme to monstrous
And horribly misshapes with ugly sightes,
Captiv'd eternally in yron mewes, [shewes.
And darksom dens, where Titan his face never

XXVIII.

There Atin fownd Cymochles sojourning,
To serve his leman's love; for he by kynd
Was given all to lust and loose living,
Whenever his fiers handes he free mote fynd:
And now he has pourd out his ydle mynd
In daintie delices and lavish ioyes,
Having his warlike weapons cast behynd,
And flowes in pleasures and vaine pleasing toyes,
Mingled emongst loose ladies and lascivious boyes.

XXIX.

And over him Art stryving to compayre
With Nature did an arber greene dispred,
Framed of wanton yvie, flouring fayre,
Through which the fragrant eglantine did spred
His prickling armes, entrayld with roses red,
Which daintie odours round about them threw;
And all within with flowres was garnished,
That when myld Zephyrus emongst them blew,
Did breath out bounteous smels, and painted colors
O iij [shew.

XXX.

And fast beside there trickled softly downe
A gentle streame, whose murmuring wave did play
Emongst the pumy stones, and made a sowne,
To lull him soft asleepe that by it lay:
The wearie traveiler, wandring that way,
Therein did often quench his thristy heat,
And then by it his wearie limbes display,
Whiles creeping slomber made him to forget
His former payne, and wypt away his toilsom sweat.

XXXI.

And on the other syde a pleasaunt grove
Was shott up high, full of the stately tree
That dedicated is t'Olympick Iove,
And to his sonne Alcides, whenas hee
In Nemus gayned goodly victoree:
Therein the merry birdes of every sorte
Chaunted alowd their chearfull harmonie,
And made emongst themselves a sweete consort,
That quickned the dull spright with musicall com-

XXXII.

[fort.

There he him found all carelesly displaid,
In secrete shadow from the sunny ray,
On a sweet bed of lillies softly laid,
Amidst a flock of damzelles fresh and gay,
That rownd about him dissolute did play
Their wanton follies and light meriment;
Every of which did loosely disaray
Her upper partes of meet habiliments,
And shewed them naked, deckt with many orna-
ments.

XXXIII.

And every of them strove with most delights
Him to aggrate, and greatest pleasures shew :
Some framd faire lookes, glancing like evening lights,
Others sweet wordes, dropping like honny dew ;
Some bathed kisses, and did soft embrew
The sugred licour through his melting lips ;
One boasts her beautie, and does yield to vew
Her dainty limbes above her tender hips ;
Another her out-boastes, and all for tryall strips.

XXXIV.

He, like an adder lurking in the weedes,
His wandring thought in deepe desire does steepe,
And his frayle eye with spoyle of beauty feedes ;
Sometimes he falsely faines himselfe to sleepe,
Whiles through their lids his wanton eies do peepe
To steale a snatch of amorous conceipt,
Whereby close fire into his hart does creepe :
So he them deceives, deceivd in his deceit,
Made dronke with drugs of deare voluptuous receipt.

XXXV.

Atin arriving there, when him he spyde
Thus in still waves of deepe delight to wade,
Fiercely approching to him, lowdly cryde,
‘ Cymochles ! oh no ! but Cymochles’ shade,
‘ In which that manly person late did fade :
‘ What is become of great Acrates sonne ?
‘ Or where hath he hong up his mortall blade,
‘ That hath so many haughty conquests wonne ?
‘ Is all his force forlorne, and all his glory donne ?’

XXXVI.

Then pricking him with his sharp-pointed dart,
 He said, "Up, up, thou womanish weake knight!
 "That here in ladies lap entombed art,
 "Unmindfull of thy praise and prowest might,
 "And weetlesse eke of lately-wrought despight;
 "Whiles sad Pyrochles lies on sencelesse ground,
 "And groneth out his utmost grudging spright
 "Thro' many a stroke and many a streaming wound,
 "Calling thy help in vaine that here ioyes art

XXXVII.

[dround."

Suddeinly out of his delightful dreame,
 The man awoke, and would have questiond more;
 But he would not endure that wofull theame
 For to dilate at large, but urged sore
 With percing wordes and pittifull implore
 Him hasty to arise: as one affright
 With hellish feends, or furies mad uprore,
 He then uprose, inflamd with fell despight,
 And called for his armes, for he would algaates fight.

XXXVIII.

They bene ybrought, he quickly does him dight,
 And lightly mounted passeth on his way:
 Ne ladies loves, ne sweete entreaties, might
 Appease his heat, or hastie passage stay;
 For he has vowd to beene avengd that day
 (That day itselfe him seemed all too long)
 On him that did Pyrochles deare dismay.
 So proudly pricketh on his courser strong, [wrong.
 And Atin ay him pricks with spurs of shame and

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK II. CANTO VI.

Guyon is of immodest Merth,
Led into loose desyre;
Fights with Cymochles, whiles his bro-
ther burns in furious fyre.

I.

A HARDER lesson to learne continence
In ioyous pleasure then in grievous paine;
For sweetnesse doth allure the weaker sence
So strongly, that uneathes it can refraine
From that which feeble nature covets faine;
But grieve and wrath, that be her enemies
And foes of life, she better can restraine:
Yet vertue vauntes in both her victories,
And Guyon in them all shewes goodly maysteries.

II.

Whom bold Cymochles traveiling to finde,
With cruell purpose bent to wreake on him
The wrath which Atin kindled in his mind,
Came to a river, by whose utmost brim
Wayting to passe, he saw whereas did swim
Along the shore, as swift as glaunce of eye,
A litle gondelay, bedecked trim
With boughes and arbours woven cunningly,
That like a litle forrest seemed outwardly;

III.

And therein sate a lady fresh and fayre,
Making sweete solace to herselfe alone;
Sometimes she song as loud as larke in ayre,
Sometimes she laught, that nigh her breath was gone;
Yet was there not with her else any one,
That to her might move cause of meriment;
Matter of merth enough, though there were none,
She could devise, and thousand waies invent
To feede her foolish humour and vaine iolliment.

IV.

Which when far off Cymochles heard and saw,
He lowdly cald to such as were aboard
The little barke unto the shore to draw,
And him to ferry over that deepe ford:
The merry mariner unto his word
Soone hearkned, and her painted bote streightway
Turnd to the shore, where that same warlike lord
She in receiv'd; but Atin by no way
She would admit, albe the knight her much did pray.

V.

Eftsoones her shallow ship away did slide,
More swift then swallow sheres the liquid skye,
Withouten oare or pilot it to guide,
Or winged canvas with the wind to fly;
Onely she turnd a pin, and by and by
It cut away upon the yeilding wave;
Ne cared she her course for to apply,
For it was taught the way which she would have,
And both from rocks and flats itselfe could wisely save,

VI.

And all the way the wanton damsell found
New merth her passenger to entertaine ;
For she in pleasaunt purpose did abound,
And greatly ioyed merry tales to fayne,
Of which a store-house did with her remaine,
Yet seemed nothing well they her became ;
For all her wordes she drownd with laughter vaine,
And wanted grace in utt'ring of the same,
That turned all her pleasaunce to a scoffing game.

VII.

And other whiles vaine toyes she would devise,
As her fantasticke wit did most delight ;
Sometimes her head she fondly would aguize
With gaudy girlonds, or fresh flowrets dight
About her necke, or rings of rushes plight :
Sometimes to do him laugh, she would assay
To laugh at shaking of the leaves light,
Or to behold the water worke and play
About her litle frigot, therein making way.

VIII.

Her light behaviour and loose dalliaunce
Gave wondrous great contentment to the knight,
That of his way he had no sovenaunce
Nor care of vow'd revenge and cruell fight,
But to weake wench did yield his martiall might :
So easie was to quench his flamed minde
With one sweete drop of sensuall delight ;
So easie is t'appease the stormy winde
Of malice in the calme of pleasaunt womankind.

IX.

Diverse discourses in their way they spent;
 Mongst which Cymochles of her questioned
 Both what she was, and what that usage ment,
 Which in her cott she daily practized?
 "Vaine man!" said she, "that wouldest be reckoned
 "A straunger in thy home, and ignoraunt
 "Of Phædria (for so my name is red)
 "Of Phædria, thine owne fellow servaunt;
 "For thou to serve Acrasia thyselfe doest vaunt.

X.

"In this wide inland sea, that hight by name
 "The Idle Lake, my wandring ship I row,
 "That knowes her port, and thether sayles by ayne,
 "Ne care ne feare I how the wind do blow,
 "Or whether swift I wend or whether slow:
 "Both slow and swift alike do serve my tourne;
 "Ne swelling Neptune, ne loud-thundering Iove,
 "Can chaunge my cheare, or make me ever mourne;
 "My litle boat can safely passe this perilous bourne."

XI.

Whiles thus she talked, and whiles thus she toyd,
 They were far past the passage which he spake,
 And come unto an island waste and voyd,
 That floted in the midst of that great lake;
 There her small gondelay her port did make,
 And that gay payre issewing on the shore
 Disburdned her: their way they forward take
 Into the land that lay them faire before, [store.
 Whose pleasaunce she him shewd, and plentifull great

XII.

It was a chosen plott of fertile land,
Emongst wide waves sett like a litle nest,
As if it had by Nature's cunning hand
Bene choycely picked out from all the rest,
And laid forth for ensample of the best:
No dainty flowre or herbe that growes on grownd,
Nor arborett with painted blossomes drest,
And smelling sweete, but there it might be fownd
To bud out faire, and throw her sweete smels al

XIII.

[arownd.

No tree, whose braunches did not bravely spring;
No braunch, whereon a fine bird did not sitt;
No bird but did her shrill notes sweetely sing;
No song, but did containe a lovely ditt.
Trees, braunches, birds, and songs, were framed fitt
For to allure fraile mind to carelesse ease.
Carelesse the man soone woxe, and his weake witt
Was overcome of thing that did him please:
So pleased, did his wrathfull purpose faire appease.

XIV.

Thus when shee had his eyes and sences fed
With false delights, and fil'd with pleasures vayn,
Into a shady dale she soft him led,
And layd him downe upon a grassy playn;
And her sweete selfe, without dread or disdayn,
She sett beside, laying his head disarmd
In her loose lap, it softly to sustayn,
Where soone he slumbred, fearing not be harmd;
The whiles with a love-lay she thus him sweetly

Volume II.

P

[charm'd;

XV.

" Behold, 'O Man ! that toilesome paines doest take,
 " The flowrs, the fields, and all that pleasaunt grows,
 " How they themselves doe thine ensample make,
 " Whiles nothing envious Nature them forth throwes
 " Out of her fruitful lap: how no man knowes
 " Theyspring, theybud, theyblossoમેfreshand faire,
 " Anddecke the world with theirrichpompous shows;
 " Yet no man for them taketh paines or care,
 " Yet no man to them can his carefull paines compare.

XVI.

" The lilly, lady of the flowring field,
 " The flowre-deluce, her lovely paramoure,
 " Bid thee to them thy fruitlesse labors yield,
 " And soone leave off this toylsome weary stoure.
 " Loe, loe! how brave she decks her bounteousboure,
 " With silkin curtens and gold coverletts,
 " Therein to shrowd her sumptuous belamoure;
 " Yet nether spinnes nor cards, ne cares nor fretts,
 " But to her mother Nature all her care she letts.

XVII.

" Why then doest thou, O Man, that of them all
 " Art lord, and eke of Nature souveraine,
 " Wilfully make thyselfe a wretched thrall,
 " And waste thy ioyous howres in needlesse paine,
 " Seeking for daunger and adventures vaine?
 " What bootes it al to have and nothing use?
 " Who shall him reu that, swimming in the maine,
 " Will die for thirst, and water doth refuse? [chuse."
 " Refuse such fruitlesse toile, and present pleasures

XVIII.

By this she had him lulled fast asleepe,
That of no worldly thing he care did take;
Then she with liquors strong his eies did steepe,
That nothing should him hastily awake:
So she him lefte, and did herselfe betake
Unto her boat again, with which she cleft
The slouthful wave of that great griesly lake;
Soone shee that island far behind her lefte, [weste.
And now is come to that same place where first she

XIX.

By this time was the worthy Guyon brought
Unto the other side of that wide strond
Where she was rowing, and for passage sought:
Him needed not long call; she soone to hond
Her ferry brought, where him she byding fond
With his sad guide: himselfe she tooke aboard,
But the blacke palmer suffred still to stond,
Ne would for price or prayers once affoord
To ferry that old man over the perlous foord.

XX.

Guyon was loath to leave his guide behind,
Yet being entred might not backe retyre;
For the flitt barke obaying to her mind,
Forth launched quickly, as she did desire,
Ne gave him leave to bid that aged sire
Adieu, but nimbly ran her wonted course
Through the dull billowes, thicke as troubled mire,
Whom nether wind out of their seat could forse,
Nor timely tides did drive out of their sluggish source.

XXI.

And by the way, as was her wonted guize,
Her mery fitt shee freshly gan to reare,
And did of ioy and iollity devize,
Herselfe to cherish, and her guest to cheare.
The knight was courteous, and did not forbear
Her honest merth and pleasaunce to partake;
But when he saw her toy, and gibe, and geare,
And passe the bonds of modest merimake,
Her dalliaunce he despis'd, and follies did forsake,

XXII.

Yet she still followed her former style,
And said, and did all that mote him delight,
Till they arrived in that pleasaunt ile,
Where sleeping late she lefte her other knight:
But whenas Guyon of that land had sight,
He wist himselfe amisse, and angry said,
“ Ah! Dame, perdy ye have not doen me right,
“ Thus to mislead mee, whiles I you obaid:
“ Me litle needed from my right way to have straid.”

XXIII.

“ Faire Sir!” quoth she, “ be not displeas'd at all
“ Who fares on sea may not commaund his way,
“ Ne wind and weather at his pleasure call:
“ The sea is wide, and easy for to stray,
“ The wind unstable, and doth never stay:
“ But here a while ye may in safety rest,
“ Till season serve new passage to assay:
“ Better safe port, then be in seas distrest.”
Therewith she laught, and did her earnest end in iest

XXIV.

But he halfe discontent mote nathelasse
 Himselfe appease, and issewd forth on shore;
 The ioyes whereof, and happy fruitfulnessse,
 Such as he saw, she gan him lay before,
 And all though pleasaunt, yet she made much more.
 The fields did laugh, the flowres did freshly spring,
 The trees did bud, and early blossomes bore,
 And all the quire of birds did sweetly sing,
 And told the gardin's pleasures in their caroling.

XXV.

And she, more sweete then any bird on bough,
 Would oftentimes emongst them beare a part,
 And strive to passe (as she could well enough)
 Their native musicke by her skilful art:
 So did she all, that might his constant hart
 Withdraw from thought of warlike enterprize,
 And drowne in dissolute delights apart,
 Where noise of armes, or vew of martiali guize
 Might not revive desire of nightly exercize.

XXVI.

But he was wise, and wary of her will,
 And ever held his hand upon his hart;
 Yet would not seeme so rude and thewed ill,
 As to despise so courteous seeming part,
 That gentle lady did to him impart;
 But fairly tempring, fond desire subdewd,
 And ever her desired to depart;
 She list not heare, but her disports poursewd,
 And ever bad him stay till time the tide renewd.

XXVII.

And now by this Cymochles' howre was spent,
 That he awoke out of his ydle dreme;
 And shaking off his drowsy dreriment,
 Gan him avize howe ill did him beseme
 In slouthfull sleepe his molten hart to steme,
 And quench the brond of his conceived yre;
 Tho up he started, stird with shame extreme,
 Ne staied for his damsell to inquire,
 But marched to the strond, there passage to require.

XXVIII.

And in the way he with Sir Guyon mett,
 Accompanyde with Phædria the faire;
 Eftsoones he gan to rage and inly frett,
 Crying, "Let be that lady debonaire,
 "Thou recreaunt Knight, and soone thyselfe prepaire
 "To batteile, if thou meane her love to gayn.
 "Loe, loe, already how the fowles in aire
 "Doe flocke, awaiting shortly to obtayn [payn."
 "Thy carcass for their pray, the guerdon of thy

XXIX.

And there-withall he fiersly at him flew,
 And with importune outrage him assayld;
 Who soone prepard, to field his sword forth drew,
 And him with equall valew countervayld:
 Their mightie strokes their haberieons dismayld,
 And naked made each other's manly spalles;
 The mortall steele dispiteously entayld
 Deepe in their flesh, quite through the yron walles,
 That a large purple streame adown their giambeux
 falles.

XXX.

Cymochles, that had never mett before
 So puissaunt foe, with envious despight
 His prowde presumed force encreased more,
 Disdeigning to bee held so long in fight.
 Sir Guyon, grudging not so much his might,
 As those unknightly raylinges which he spoke,
 With wrathfull fire his corage kindled bright,
 Thereof devising shortly to be wroke, [stroke.
 And doubling all his powres, redoubled every

XXXI.

Both of them high attonce their hands enhaunst,
 And both attonce their huge blowes downe did sway:
 Cymochles' sword on Guyon's shield yglaunst,
 And thereof nigh one quarter sheard away:
 But Guyon's angry blade so fiers did play
 On th' other's helmet, which as Titan shone,
 That quite it clove his plumed crest in tway,
 And bared all his head unto the bone, [stone.
 Wherewith astonish'd still he stood as fencelesse

XXXII.

Still as he stood, fayre Phædria (that beheld
 That deadly daunger) soone atweene them ran,
 And at their feete herselfe most humbly feld,
 Crying with pitteous voyce and count'nance wan,
 " Ah! well away! most noble Lords, how can
 " Your cruell eyes endure so pitteous sight
 " To shed your lives on ground? wo worth the man
 " That first did teach the cursed steele to bight
 " In his own flesh, and make way to the living
 spright.

XXXIII.

" If ever love of lady did empierce
 " Your yron brestes, or pittie could find place,
 " Withhold your bloody handes from battaill fierce;
 " And sith for me ye fight, to me this grace
 " Both yield, to stay your deadly stryfe a space."
 They stayd a while, and forth shee gan proceede;
 " Most wretched woman, and of wicked race,
 " That am the authour of this hainous deed,
 " And cause of death betweene two doughtie knights

XXXIV.

[do breed,

" But if for me ye fight, or me will serve,
 " Not this rude kynd of battaill, nor these armes
 " Are meet, the which doe men in bale to sterve,
 " And doolefull sorrow heape with deadly harmes;
 " Such cruell game my scarmoges disarmes.
 " Another warre and other weapons I
 " Doe love, where love does give his sweete alarmes
 " Without bloodshed, and where the enemy
 " Does yield unto his foe a pleasaunt victory.

XXXV.

" Debatefull strife and cruell enmity
 " The famous name of Knighthood fouly shend;
 " But lovely peace and gentle amity,
 " And in amours the passing howres to spend,
 " The mightie martiall handes doe most commend;
 " Of love they ever greater glory bore
 " Then of their armes: Mars is Cupidoes frend,
 " And is for Venus' loves renowned more
 " Then all his wars and spoiles the which he did of
 yore."

XXX.

Therewith she sweetly smyl'd. They, though full
To prove extremities of bloody fight, [bent,
Yet at her speach their rages gan relent,
And calme the sea of their tempestuous spight:
Such powre have pleasing wordes: such is the might
Of courteous clemency in gentle hart.
Now after all was ceast, the Faery Knight
Besought that damzell suffer him depart,
And yield him ready passage to that other part.

XXXVII.

She no lesse glad then he desirous was
Of his departure thence; for of her ioy
And vaine delight she saw he light did pas,
A foe of folly and immodest toy,
Still solemne sad, or still disdainfull coy,
Delighting all in armes and cruell warre,
That her sweet peace and pleasures did annoy,
Troubled with terrour and unquiet iarre,
That she well pleased was thence to amove him farre.

XXXVIII.

Tho him she brought aboard, and her swift bote
Forthwith directed to that further strand,
The which on the dull waves did lightly flote,
And soone arrived on the shallow sand,
Where gladsome Guyon sailed forth to land,
And to that damsell thanks gave for reward:
Upon that shore he espied Atin stand,
There by his maister left, when late he far'd
In Phædria's flit barck over that perlous shard.

XXXIX.

Well could he him remember, sith of late
 He with Pyrochles sharp debatement made ;
 Streight gan he him revyle, and bitter rate,
 As shepherdes curre, that in darke eveninges shade
 Hath tracted forth some salvage beastes trade :
 " Vile Miscreant !" said he, " whether dost thou flye
 " The shame and death, which will thee soone invade?
 " What coward hand shall doe thee next to dye,
 " That art thus fowly fledd from famous enemy ?"

XL.

With that he stifly shooke his steel-head dart ;
 But sober Guyon hearing him so rayle,
 Though somewhat moved in his mightie hart,
 Yet with strong reason maistred passion fraile,
 And passed fayrely forth : he turning taile
 Backe to the strond retyrd, and there still stayd,
 Awaiting passage, which him late did faile ;
 The whiles Cymochles with that wanton mayd
 The hasty beat of his avowd revenge delayd.

XLI.

Whylest there the varlet stood, he saw from farre
 An armed knight that towards him fast ran ;
 He ran on foot, as if in lucklesse warre
 His forlorne steed from him the victour wan :
 He seemed breathlesse, hartlesse, faint and wan ;
 And all his armour sprinckled was with blood,
 And soyld with durtie gore, that no man can
 Discerne the hew thereof : he never stood,
 But bent his hastie course towards the Ydle flood.

XLII.

The varlet saw when to the flood he came,
How without stop or stay he fiersly leapt,
And deepe himselfe beducked in the same,
That in the lake his loftie crest was stept,
Ne of his safetie seemed care he kept;
But with his raging armes he rudely flasht
The waves about, and all his armour swept,
That all the blood and filth away was washt;
Yet still he bet the water, and the billowes dasht.

XLIII.

Atin drew nigh to weet what it mote bee,
For much he wondred at that uncouth sight:
Whom should he but his own deare lord there see?
His owne deare lord Pyrochles, in sad plight,
Ready to drowne himselfe for fell despight:
"Harrow now out, and well away!" he cryde,
"What dismall day hath lent this cursed light,
"To see my lord so deadly damnifyde?
"Pyrochles, O Pyrochles! what is thee betyde?"

XLIV.

"I burne, I burne, I burne," then lowde he cryde;
"O how I burne with implacable fyre!
"Yet nought can quench mine inly flaming syde,
"Nor sea of licour cold, nor lake of myre;
"Nothing but death can doe me to respyre."
"Ah! be it," said he, "from Pyrochles farre,
"After pursewing death once to requyre, [marre:
"Or think that ought those puissant hands may
"Deathe is forwretches borne under unhappy starre."

XLV.

"Perdye, then is it fitt for me," said he,
 "That am, I weene, most wretched man alive;
 "Burning in flames, yet no flames can I see,
 "And dying dayly, dayly yet revive.
 "O Atin! helpe to me last death to give."

The varlet at his plaint was grievd so sore,
 That his deepe-wounded hart in two did rive,
 And his owne health remembring now no more,
 Did follow that ensample which he blam'd afore.

XLVI.

Into the lake he lept his lord to ayd,
 (So love the dread or daunger doth despise)
 And of him catching hold, him strongly stayd
 From drowning: but more happy he then wise,
 Of that sea's nature did him not avise;
 The waves thereof so slow and sluggish were,
 Engrost with mud which did them fowle agrise,
 That every weighty thing they did upbeare,
 Ne ought mote ever sinck downe to the bottom there.

XLVII.

Whyles thus they strugled in that Ydle wave,
 And strove in vaine, the one himselfe to drowne,
 The other both from drowning for to save,
 Lo, to that shore one in an auncient gowne,
 Whose hoary locks great gravitie did crowne,
 Holding in hand a goodly arming sword,
 By fortune came, ledd with the troublous sowne,
 Where drenched deepe he fownd in that dull ford
 The carefull servaunt stryving with his raging lord.

XLVIII.

Him Atin spying, knew right well of yore,
And lowdly cald, "Help, helpe, O Archimage!
"To save my lord, in wretched plight forlore;
"Helpe with thy hand or with thy counsell sage:
"Weake handes, but counsell is most strong in age."
Him, when the old man saw, he woundred sore
To see Pyrochles there so rudely rage;
Yet sithens helpe he saw he needed more
Then pittie, he in hast approched to the shore;

XLIX.

And cald, "Pyrochles! what is this I see?
"What hellish fury hath at earst thee hent?
"Furious ever I thee knew to bee,
"Yet never in this straunge astonishment." [ment."
"These flames, these flames," he cryde, "doe me tor-
"What flames," quoth he, "when I thee present see
"In daunger rather to be drent then brent?"
"Harrow! the flames which me consume," said he,
"Ne can be quencht, within my secret bowelles bee.

L.

"That cursed man, that cruel feend of hell,
"Furor, oh! Furor hath me thus bedight;
"His deadly woundes within my livers swell,
"And his whott fyre burnes in mine entralles bright,
"Kindled through his infernall brond of spight,
"Sith late with him I batteill vaine would boste;
"That now I weene Iove's dreaded thunder light
"Does scorch not halfe so sore, nor damned ghoste
"In flaming Phlegeton does not so felly roste."

LI.

Which when as Archimago heard, his grieve
He knew right well, and him attonce disarmd;
Then searcht his secret woundes, and made a priefe
Of every place that was with bruizing harmd,
Or with the hidden fire too inly warmd:
Which doen, he balmes and herbes thereto applyde,
And evermore with mightie spels then charmd,
That in short space he has them qualifyde,
And him restord to helth, that would have algates
dyde.

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THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK II. CANTO VII.

Guyon findes Mammon in a deile,
Sunning his treasure hore;
Is by him tempted, and led downe
To see his secrete store.

I.

As pilot well expert in perilous wave,
That to a stedfast starre his course hath bent,
When foggy mistes or cloudy tempests have
The faithful light of that faire lampe yblent,
And cover'd heaven with hideous dreriment,
Upon his card and compas firmes his eye
(The masters of his long experiment)
And to them does the steddy helme apply,
Bidding his winged vessel fairely forward fly :

II.

So Guyon, having lost his trustie guyde,
Late left beyond that Ydle lake, proceedes
Yet on his way, of none accompanyde,
And evermore himselfe with comfort feedes
Of his own virtues and praise-worthie deedes.
So long he yode, yet no adventure found,
Which Fame of her shrill trumpet worthy reedes ;
For still he traveild through wide wastfull ground,
That nought but desert wildernesses shewd all
around,

Qij

III.

At last he came unto a gloomy glade, [light,
Cover'd with boughes and shrubs from heaven's
Whereas he sitting found in secret shade
An uncouth, salvage, and uncivile wight,
Of griesly hew and fowle ill-favour'd sight;
His face with smoke was tand, and eies were bleard,
His head and beard with sout were ill bedight,
His cole-blacke handes did seeme to have ben seard
In smythes fire-spitting forge, and nayles like clawes

IV.

[appeared :

His yron cote, all overgrowne with rust,
Was underneath enveloped with gold,
Whose glistring glosse, darkned with filthy dust,
Well yet appeared to have beene of old
A worke of rich entayle and curious mould,
Woven with antickes and wyld ymagery;
And in his lap a masse of coyne he told,
And turned upside downe, to feede his eye
And covetous desire with his huge threasury :

V.

And round about him lay on every side
Great heapes of gold that never could be spent,
Of which some were rude owre, not purifide
Of Mulciber's devouring element;
Some others were new driven and distent
Into great ingowes and to wedges square;
Some in round plates withouten moniment;
But most were stamp't, and in their metal bare [rare.
The antique shapes of kings and Kesars straung and

VI.

Soone as he Guyon saw, in great affright
And haste he rose for to remove aside
Those pretious hils from straungers envious sight,
And downe them poured through an hole full wide
Into the hollow earth, them there to hide;
But Guyon lightly to him leaping, stayd
His hand, that trembled as one terrifyde;
And though himself were at the sight dismayd,
Yet him perforce restraynd, and to him doubtfull

VII.

[sayd;

"What art thou, man! (if man at all thou art)
"That here in desert hast thine habitaunce,
"And these rich heapes of welth doest hide apart
"From the worldes eye, and from her right usaunce?"
Thereat with staring eyes fixed askaunce
In great disdaine he answerd, "Hardy Elfe,
"That darest view my direful countenaunce,
"I read thee rash and heedlesse of thyselfe, [pelfe.
"To trouble my still seate and heapes of pretious

VIII.

"God of the world and worldlings I me call,
"Great Mammon, greatest god below the skye,
"That of my plenty poure out unto all,
"And unto none my graces do envye:
"Riches, renowme, and principality,
"Honour, estate, and all this worldes good,
"For which men swinck and sweat incessantly,
"Fro me do flow into an ample flood,
"And in the hollow earth have their eternall brood.

Q iij

IX.

" Wherefore if me thou deigne to serve and sew,
" At thy commaund lo all these mountaines bee ;
" Or if to thy great mind or greedy vew
" All these may not suffise, there shall to thee
" Ten times so much be nombred francke and free."
" Mammon," said he, " thy godhead's vaunt is
" And idle offers of thy golden fee ; [vaine,
" To them that covet such eye-glutting gaine
" Proffer thy giftes, and fitter servaunts entertaine.

X.

" Me ill befits, that in derdoing armes
" And honours suit my vowed daies do spend,
" Unto thy bounteous baytes and pleasing charmes,
" With which weake men thou witchest, to attend :
" Regard of worldly mucke doth fowly blend
" And low abase the high heroicke spright,
" That ioyes for crownes and kingdomes to contend :
" Faire shields, gay steedes, bright armes, be my
" delight ;
" Those be the riches fit for an advent'rous knight."

XI.

" Vaine-glorious Elfe," saide he, " doest not thou
" That money can thy wantes at will supply ? [weet
" Shields, steedes, and armes, and all things for thee
" It can purvey in twinckling of an eye, [meet,
" And crownes and kingdomes to thee multiply.
" Do not I kings create, and throw the crowne
" Sometimes to him that low in dust doth ly,
" And him that raignd into his rowme thrust downe,
" And whom I lust do heape with glory and renowne?"

XII.

" All otherwise," saide he, " I riches read,
" And deeme them root of all disquietnesse,
" First got with guile, and then preserv'd with dread,
" And after spent with pride and lavishnesse,
" Leaving behind them grieve and heavinesse;
" Infinite mischiefes of them do arize,
" Strife and debate, bloodshed and bitterness,
" Outrageous wrong and hellish covetize, [spize.
" That noble heart, as great dishonour, doth de-

XIII.

" Ne thine be kingdomes, ne the scepters thine,
" But realmes and rulers thou doest both confound,
" And loyall truth to treason doest incline;
" Witnesse the guiltlesse blood pourd oft on ground,
" The crowned often slaine, the slayer croud,
" The sacred diademe in peeces rent,
" And purple robe gored with many a wound,
" Castles surprizd, great cities sackt and brent;
" So mak'st thou kings, and gaynest wrongfull go-

XIV.

[vernment.

" Long were to tell the troublous stormes that tosse
" The private state, and make the life unsweet:
" Who swelling sayles in Caspian-sea doth crosse,
" And in frayle wood on Adrian gulf doth fleet,
" Doth not, I weene, so many evils meet."

Then Mammon waxing wroth, " And why then,"
sayd,

" Are mortall men so fond and undiscreet
" So evill thing to seeke unto their ayd,
" And having not complaine, and having it upbrayd?"

XV.

“ Indeed,” quoth he, “ through fowle intemperaunce
“ Frayle men are oft captiv’d to covetise ;
“ But would they thinke with how small allowaunce
“ Untroubled Nature doth herselfe suffice,
“ Such superfluities they would despise,
“ Which with sad cares empeach our native ioyes,
“ At the well-head the purest streames arise ;
“ But mucky filth his braunching armes annoyes,
“ And with uncomely weedes the gentle wave ac-

XVI.

[cloyes,

“ The antique World in his first flowring youth
“ Fownd no defect in his Creator’s grace,
“ But with glad thanks and unreproved truth,
“ The guifts of soveraine bounty did embrace :
“ Like angels life was then mens happy cace ;
“ But later ages pride, like corn-fed steed,
“ Abusd her plenty and fat-swolne encrease
“ To all licentious lust, and gan exceed
“ The measure of her meane and naturall first need.

XVII.

“ Then gan a cursed hand the quiet wombe
“ Of his great grandmother with steele to wound,
“ And the hid treasures in her sacred tombe
“ With sacriledge to dig ; therein he fownd
“ Fountaines of gold and silver to abownd,
“ Of which the matter of his huge desire
“ And pompous pride eftsoones he did compownd ;
“ Then Avarice gan through his veines inspire
“ His greedy flames, and kindled life-devouring fire.”

XVIII.

"Sonne," said he then, "lett be thy bitter scorne,
" And leave the rudenesse of that antique age
" To them that liv'd therein in state forlorne :
" Thou that doest live in later times must wage
" Thy workes for wealth, and life for gold engage :
" If then thee list my offred grace to use,
" Take what thou please of all this surplusage ;
" If thee list not, leave have thou to refuse ;
" But thing refused doe not afterward accuse."

XIX.

"Me list not," said the Elfin Knight, "receave
" Thing offred, till I know it well be gott ;
" Ne wote I but thou didst these goods bereave
" From rightful owner by unrighteous lott,
" Or that blood-guiltinesse, or guile them blott."
"Perdy," quoth he, "yet never eie did vew,
" Ne tong did tell, ne hand these handled not ;
" But safe I have them kept in secret mew,
" From Heven's sight, and powre of al which them

XX.

[poursew."

"What secret place," quoth he, "can safely hold
" So huge a mass, and hide from Heven's eie ?
" Or where hast thou thy wonne, that so much gold
" Thou canst preserve from wrong and robbery ?"
"Come thou," quoth he, "and see." So by and by
Through that thick covert he him led, and fownd
A darksome way, which no man could descry,
That deep descended through the hollow ground,
And was with dread and horror compassed arownd.

XXI.

At length they came into a larger space,
 That strecht itselfe into an ample playne,
 Through which a beaten broad high way did trace,
 That streight did lead to Plutoes griesly rayne :
 By that wayes side there sate infernall Payne,
 And fast beside him sat tumultuous Strife ;
 The one in hand an yron whip did strayne,
 The other brandished a bloody knife,
 And both did gnash their teeth, and both did threaten

XXII.

[life.

On th' other side in one consort there sate
 Cruell Revenge, and rancorous Despight,
 Disloyall Treason, and hart-burning Hate ;
 But gnawing Gealosity, out of their sight
 Sitting alone, his bitter lips did bight ;
 And trembling Feare still to and fro did fly,
 And found no place wher safe he shroud him might ;
 Lamenting Sorrow did in darknes lye,
 And shame his ugly face did hide from living eye :

XXIII.

And over them sad Horror with grim hew
 Did alwaies sore, beating his yron wings,
 And after him owles and night-ravens flew,
 The hatefull messengers of heavy things,
 Of death and dolor telling sad tidings ;
 Whiles sad Celeno, sitting on a clifte,
 A song of bale and bitter sorrow sings,
 That hart of flint asonder could have rifte,
 Which having ended, after him she flyeth swifte.

XXIV.

All these before the gates of Pluto lay,
By whom they passing spake unto them nought ;
But th' Elfin Knight, with wonder all the way,
Did feed his eyes, and fild his inner thought.
At last him to a litle dore he brought,
That to the gate of hell, which gaped wide,
Was next adioyning, ne them parted ought ;
Betwixt them both but was a little stride, [divide.
That did the house of Richesse from hell-mouth

XXV.

Before the dore sat selfe-consuming Care,
Day and night keeping wary watch and ward,
For feare least Force or Fraud should unaware
Breake in, and spoil the treasure there in gard ;
Ne would he suffer Sleepe once thether-ward
Approch, albe his drowsy den were next ;
For next to Death is Sleepe to be compard,
Therefore his house is unto his annex ; [betwext.
Here Sleep, ther Richesse, and hel-gate them both

XXVI.

So soon as Mammon there arrivd, the dore
To him did open, and affoorded way ;
Him followed eke Sir Guyon evermore,
Ne darknesse him ne daunger might dismay.
Soone as he entred was, the dore streightway
Did shutt, and from behind it forth there lept
An ugly feend more fowle then dismall Day,
The which with monstrous stalke behind him stept,
And ever as he went dew watch upon him kept,

XXVII.

Well hoped hee, ere long that hardy guest,
 If ever covetous hand or lustfull eye,
 Or lips he layd on things that likt him best,
 Or ever sleepe his eie-strings did untye,
 Should be his pray; and therefore still on hye
 He over him did hold his cruell claws,
 Threatning with greedy gripe to doe him dye,
 And rend in peeces with his ravenous pawes,
 If ever he transgrest the fatall Stygian lawes.

XXVIII.

That houses forme within was rude and strong,
 Lyke an huge cave hewne out of rocky clifte,
 From whose rough vaut the ragged breeches hong
 Embost with massy gold of glorious guifte,
 And with rich metall loaded every rifte,
 That heavy ruine they did seem to threat;
 And over them Arachne high did lifte
 Her cunning web, and spread her subtile nett,
 Enwrapped in fowle smoke and clouds more blacke

XXIX.

[then ietta

Both rooffe, and floore, and walls, were all of gold,
 But overgrowne with dust and old decay,
 And hid in darknes, that none could behold
 The hew thereof; for vew of cherefull day
 Did never in that house itselſe display,
 But a faint shadow of uncertein light,
 Such as a lamp, whose life does fade away,
 Or as the moone, cloathed with cloudy night,
 Does shew to him that walkes in feare and sad
 affright.

XXX.

In all that rowme was nothing to be seene
But huge great yron chests and coffers strong,
All bard with double bends, that none could weene
Them to inforce by violence or wrong;
On every side they placed were along:
But all the grownd with sculs was scattered
And dead men's bones, which round about were flong,
Whose lives, it seemed, whilome there were shed,
And their vile carcasses now left unburied.

XXXI.

They forward passe; ne Guyon yet spoke word,
Till that they came unto an yron dore,
Which to them opened of his owne accord,
And shewd of riches such exceeding store,
As eie of man did never see before,
Ne ever could within one place be fownd,
Though all the wealth which is or was of yore
Could gatherd be through all the world arownd,
And that above were added to that under grownd.

XXXII.

The charge thereof unto a covetous spright
Commaunded was, who thereby did attend,
And warily awaited day and night,
From other covetous feends it to defend,
Who it to rob and ransacke did intend:
Then Mammon, turning to that warriour, said,
"Loe here the worldes blis, loe here the end
"To which al men do ayme, rich to be made:
"Such grace now to be happy is before thee laid."

XXXIII.

" Certes," sayd he, " I n'll thine offred grace,
 " Ne to be made so happy doe intend;
 " Another blis before mine eyes I place,
 " Another happines, another end;
 " To them that list these base regards I lend:
 " But I in armes and in atchievements brave
 " Do rather choose my flitting houres to spend,
 " And to be lord of those that riches have,
 " Then them to have my selfe, and be their servile

XXXIV.

[slave.]

Thereat the feend his gnashing teeth did grate,
 And griev'd so long to lacke his greedie pray;
 For well he weened that so glorious bayte
 Would tempt his guest to take thereof assay:
 Had he so doen, he had him snatcht away,
 More light then culver in the faulcon's fist;
 (Eternal God thee save from such decay!)
 But whenas Mammon saw his purpose mist,
 Him to entrap unwares another way he wist.

XXXV.

Thence forward he him ledd, and shortly brought
 Unto another rowme, whose dore forthright
 To him did open as it had beene taught:
 Therein an hundred raunges weren pight,
 An hundred founaces all burning bright;
 By every founace many feends did byde,
 Deformed creatures, horrible in sight,
 And every feend his busie paines applyde
 To melt the golden metall, ready to be tryde.

XXXVI.

One with great bellowes gathered filling ayre,
And with forst wind the fewell did inflame ;
Another did the dying bronds repayre
With yron tonges, and sprinckled ofte the same
With liquid waves, siers Vulcan's rage to tame,
Who maystring them renewd his former heat :
Some scum'd the drosse that from the metall came ;
Some stird the molten owre with ladles great ;
And every one did swincke, and every one did sweat.

XXXVII.

But when an earthly wight they present saw,
Glistring in armes and battailous aray,
From their whot work they did themselves withdraw
To wonder at the sight ; for till that day
They never creature saw that cam that way :
Their staring eyes, sparckling with fervent fyre,
And ugly shap'es, did nigh the man dismay,
That were it not for shame, he would retyre, [syre ;
Till that him thus bespake their soveraine lord and

XXXVIII.

" Behold, thou Faerie's sonne, with mortall eye,
" That living eye before did never see ;
" The thing that thou didst crave so earnestly
" (To weet whence all the wealth late shewd by mee
" Proceeded), lo now is reveald to thee :
" Here is the fountaine of the worldes good ;
" Now, therefore, if thou wilt enriched bee,
" Advise thee well, and chaunge thy wilfull mood,
" Least thou perhaps hereafter wish, and be with-
stood."

R ij

XXXIX.

"Suffise it then, thou Money-god," quoth he,
 "That all thine ydle offers I refuse:
 "All that I need I have; what needeth mee
 "To covet more then I have cause to use?
 "With such vaine shewes thyworldlinges vyle abuse,
 "But give me leave to follow mine emprise."
 Mammon was much displeasd, yet no'te he chuse
 But beare the rigour of his bold mesprise,
 And thence him forward ledd, him further to entise.

XL.

He brought him through a darksom narrow strayt,
 To a broad gate all built of beaten gold;
 The gate was open, but therein did wayt
 A sturdie villain, stryding stiffe and bold,
 As if that highest God defy he would;
 In his right hand an yron club he held,
 But he himselfe was all of golden mould,
 Yet had both life and sence, and well could weld
 That cursed weapon when his cruell foes he queld.

XLI.

Disdayne he called was, and did disdayne
 To be so cald, and whoso did him call;
 Sterne was his looke and full of stomacke vayne,
 His portaunce terrible, and stature tall,
 For passing th' hight of men terrestriall,
 Like an huge gyant of the Titans' race,
 That made him scorne all creatures great and small,
 And with his pride all others powre deface; [place.
 More fitt emongst black fiendes then men to have his

XLII.

Soone as those glitterand armes he did espye,
That with their brightnesse made that darknes light,
His harmefull club he gan to hurtle hye,
And threaten batteill to the Faery Knight;
Who likewise gan himselfe to batteill dight
Till Mammon did his hasty hand withhold,
And counseld him abstaine from perilous fight;
For nothing might abash the villen bold,
Ne mortall steele emperce his miscreated mould.

XLIII.

So having him with reason pacifyde,
And the fiers carle commaunding to forbear,
He brought him in: the rowme was large and wyde,
As it some gyeld or solemne temple weare;
Many great golden pillours did upbeare
The massy rooffe, and riches huge sustayne;
And every pillour decked was full deare
With crownes and diademes, and titles vaine,
Which mortall princes wore whiles they on earth

XLIV.

[did rayne,

A route of people there assembled were,
Of every sort and nation under skye,
Which with great uprore preaced to draw nere
To th' upper part, where was advaunced hye
A stately siege of soveraine maiestye:
And thereon satt a woman gorgeous gay,
And richly cladd in robes of royaltie,
That never earthly prince in such aray
His glory did enhaunce, and pompous pryde display.

R iij

XLV.

Her face right wondrous faire did seeme to bee,
 That her broad beauties beam great brightnes threw
 Through the dim shade, that all men might it see;
 Yet was not that same her owne native hew,
 But wrought by art and counterfettèd shew,
 Thereby more lovers unto her to call;
 Nath'lesse most hevenly faire in deed and vew
 She by creation was, till she did fall, [withall.
 Thenceforth she sought for helps to cloke her crime

XLVI.

There, as in glistring glory she did sitt,
 She held a great gold chaine ylincked well,
 Whoss upper end to highest heaven was knitt,
 And lower part did reach to lowest hell;
 And all that preace did rownd about her swell
 To catchen hold of that long chaine, thereby
 To climbe aloft, and others to excell;
 That was ambition, rash desire to sty,
 And every linck thereof a step of dignity.

XLVII.

Some thought to raise themselves to high degree
 By riches and unrighteous reward;
 Some by close shouldring, some by flatteree;
 Others through friends, others for base regard;
 And all by wrong waies for themselves prepard:
 Those that were up themselves kept others low,
 Those that were low themselves held others hard,
 Ne suffred them to ryse or greater grow,
 But every one did strive his fellow downe to throw.

XLVIII.

Which whenas Guyon saw, he gan inquire,
What meant that preace about that ladies throne,
And what she was that did so high aspyre?
Him Mammon answered, "That goodly one,
"Whom all that folke with such contention
"Doe flock about, my deare, my daughter is;
"Honour and dignitie from her alone
"Derived are, and all this worldes blis, [mis.
"For which ye men doe strive; few gett, but many

XLIX.

"And fayre Philotime she rightly hight,
"The fairest wight that wonneth under skie,
"But that this darksome neather world her light
"Doth dim with horror and deformity,
"Worthie of heaven and hye felicitie,
"From whence the gods have her for envy thrust;
"But sith thou hast found favour in mine eye,
"Thy spouse I will her make, if that thou lust,
"That she may thee reward for works and merits
just."
"Gramercy, Mammon," said the gentle knight,
"For so great grace and offred high estate;
"But I, that am fraile flesh and earthly wight,
"Unworthy match for such immortall mate
"Myselfe well wote, and mine is such a fate;
"And were I not, yet is my trowth yplight,
"And love avowd, to other lady late,
"That to remove the same I have no might:
"To chaunge love causelesse is reproch to warlike
knight.

LI.

Mammon emmoued was with inward wrath,
Yet forcing it to fayne him forth thence ledd,
Through griesly shadowes by a beaten path,
Into a gardin goodly garnished [redd;
With hearbs and fruits, whose kinds mote not be
Not such as earth out of her fruitfull wombe
Throwes forth to men, sweet and well savored,
But direfull deadly black both leafe and bloom,
Fitt to adorne the dead, and deck the drery toombe.

LII.

There mournfull cypresse grew in greatest store,
And trees of bitter gall, and heben sad,
Dead sleeping poppy, and black hellebore,
Cold coloquintida, and tetra mad,
Mortall samnitis, and cicuta bad,
Which-with th' uniust Atheniens made to dy
Wise Socrates, who thereof quaffing glad
Pour'd out his life, and last philosophy,
To the fayre Critias his dearest belamy.

LIII.

The gardin of Proserpina this hight,
And in the midst thereof a silver seat,
With a thick arber goodly over-dight,
In which she often usd from open heat
Herselfe to shroud, and pleasures to entreat;
Next thereunto did grow a goodly tree,
With braunches broad dispredd and body great,
Clothed with leaves, that none the wood mote see,
And loaden all with fruit as thick as it might bee.

LIV.

Their fruit were golden apples glistring bright,
That goodly was their glory to behold;
On earth like never grew, ne living wight
Like ever saw, but they from hence were sold;
For those which Hercules with conquest bold
Got from great Atlas' daughters, hence began,
And planted there did bring forth fruit of gold;
And those with which th' Euboean young man wan
Swift Atalanta, when through craft he her out-ran.

LV.

Here also sprong that goodly golden fruit
With which Acontius got his lover drew,
Whom he had long time sought with fruitlesse suit;
Here eke that famous golden apple grew,
The which emongst the gods false Ate threw,
For which th' Idæan ladies disagreed,
Till partiall Paris dempt it Venus' dew,
And had of her fayre Helen for his meed, [bleed.
That many noble Greekes and Troians made to

LVI.

The warlike elfe much wondred at this tree
So fayre and great, that shadowed all the ground,
And his broad braunches, laden with rich fee,
Did stretch themselves without the utmost bound.
Of this great gardin, compast with a mound,
Which over-hanging, they themselves did steepe
In a blacke flood, which flow'd about it round,
That is the river of Cocytus deepe,
In which full many soules do endlesse wayle and
weepe.

LVII.

Which to behold he clomb up to the bancke,
And looking downe saw many damned wightes
In those sad waves, which direfull deadly stancke,
Plonged continually of cruell sprighes,
That with their piteous cryes and yelling shrighes
They made the further shore resounden wide :
Emongst the rest of those same ruefull sightes,
One cursed creature he by chaunce espide,
That drenched lay full deepe under the garden side.

LVIII.

Deepe was he drenched to the upmost chin,
Yet gaped still as coveting to drinke
Of the cold liquor which he waded in ;
And stretching forth his hand did often thinke
To reach the fruit which grew upon the brincke ;
But both the fruit from hand, and flood from mouth,
Did fly abacke, and made him vainely swinke ;
The whiles he sterv'd with hunger, and with drouth
He daily dyde, yet never throughly dyen couth.

LIX.

The knight him seeing labour so in vaine,
Askt who he was, and what he ment thereby ?
Who groning deepe, thus answerd him againe ;
“ Most cursed of all creatures under skye,
“ Lo, Tantalus, I here tormented lye,
“ Of whom high Iove wont whylome feasted bee ;
“ Lo here I now for want of food doe dye :
“ But if that thou be such as I thee see, [me.”
“ Of grace I pray thee give to eat and drinke to

LX.

"Nay, nay, thou greedy Tantalus," quoth he,
 "Abide the fortune of thy present fate,
 "And unto all that live in high degree,
 "Ensamble be of mind intemperate,
 "To teach them how to use their present state."
 Then gan the cursed wretch alowd to cry,
 Accusing highest Iove and gods ingrate,
 And eke blaspheming Heaven bitterly,
 As author of uniustice, there to let him dye.

LXI.

He lookt a litle further, and espyde
 Another wretch, whose carcas deepe was drent
 Within the river, which the same did hyde;
 But both his handes, most filthy feculent,
 Above the water were on high extent,
 And faynd to wash themselves incessantly,
 Yet nothing cleaner were for such intent,
 But rather fowler seemed to the eye;
 So lost his labour vaine, and ydle industry.

LXII.

The knight him calling, asked who he was?
 Who lifting up his head, him answerd thus;
 "I Pilate am, the falsest iudge, alas!
 "And most uniust, that by unrighteous
 "And wicked doome, to Iewes despiteous,
 "Delivered up the Lord of life to dye,
 "And did acquite a murderer felonous;
 "The whyles my handes I washt in purity, [ty."
 "The whyles my soule was soyld withfowle iniqui-

LXIII.

Infinite moe tormented in like paine
He there beheld, too long here to be told ;
Ne Mammon would there let him long remayne,
For terrour of the tortures manifold,
In which the damned soules he did behold ;
But roughly him bespake ; “ Thou fearefull foole,
“ Why takest not of that same fruite of gold ?
“ Ne sittest downe on that same silver stoole
“ To rest thy wearie person in the shadow coole ? ”

LXIV.

All which he did to do him deadly fall
In frayle intemperaunce through sinfull bayt,
To which, if he inclyned had at all,
That dreadfull feend, which did behinde him wayt;
Would him have rent in thousand peeces strait;
But he was wary wise in all his way,
And well perceived his deceiptfull sleight,
Ne suffered lust his safety to betray ;
So goodly did beguile the guyler of his pray.

LXV.

And now he was so long remained theare,
That vitall powres gan wexe both weake and wan,
For want of food and sleepe, which two upbeare,
Like mightie pillours, this frayle life of man,
That none without the same endure can ;
For now three dayes of men were full out-wrought,
Since he this hardy enterprize began ;
For thy great Mammon fayrely he besought
Into the world to guyde him backe, as he him brought.

LXVI.

The god, though loth, yet was constraýnd t'obay;
 For lenger time then that no living wight
 Below the earth might suffred be to stay;
 So backe againe him brought to living light:
 But all so soone as his enfeebled spright
 Gan sucke this vitall ayre into his brest,
 As overcome with too exceeding might,
 The life did flit away out of her nest,
 And all his sences were with deadly fit opprest.

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK II. CANTO VIII.

Sir Guyon, layd in sworne, is by
Acrates sonnes despoild;
Whom Arthure soone hath reskewed,
And payhim brethren foild.

I.

AND is there care in heaven? and is there love
In heavenly spirits to these creatures bace,
That may compassion of their evils move?
There is; else much more wretched were the case
Of men then beasts: but O th' exceeding grace
Of highest God! that loves his creatures so,
And all his workes with mercy doth embrace,
That blessed angels he sends to and fro
To serve to wicked man, to serve his wicked foe.

II.

How oft do they their silver bowers leave
To come to succour us that succour want?
How oft do they with golden pineons cleave
The flitting skyes, like flying pursuivant,
Against fowle feedes to ayd us militant?
They for us fight, they watch and dewly ward,
And their bright squadrons round about us plant,
And all for love and nothing for reward:
O why should heavenly God to men have such regard

III.

During the while that Guyon did abide
In Mammon's house, the palmer, whom whyleare
That wanton mayd of passage had denide,
By further search had passage found elsewhere,
And being on his way, approached neare
Where Guyon lay in traunce; when suddainly
He heard a voyce that called lowd and cleare,
"Come hether, hether O come hastily!"
That all the fields resounded with the ruefull cry.

IV.

The palmer lent his ear unto the noyce,
To weet who called so importunely;
Againe he heard a more efforced voyce,
That bad him come in haste: he by and by
His feeble feet directed to the cry;
Which to that shady delve him brought at last,
Where Mammon earst did sunne his threasury;
There the good Guyon he found slumbring fast
In senceles dreame, which sight at first him sore

V.

[aghast.

Beside his head there satt a faire young man,
Of wondrous beauty and of freshest yeares,
Whose tender bud to blossome new began,
And flourish faire above his equall peares;
His snowy front curled with golden heares,
Like Phœbus' face adorn'd with sunny rayes,
Divinely shone, and two sharpe winged sheares,
Decked with diverse plumes, like painted jayes,
Were fixed at his backe to cut his ayery wayes.

S ij

VI.

Like as Cupido on Idaean hill,
 When having laid his cruell bow away
 And mortall arrowes, wherewith he doth fill
 The world with murderous spoiles and bloody pray,
 With his faire mother he him dights to play,
 And with his goodly sisters, Graces three;
 The goddesse, pleased with his wanton play,
 Suffers herselfe through sleepe beguild to bee,
 The whiles the other ladies mind theyr mery glee.

VII.

Whom when the palmer saw, abasht he was
 Through fear and wonder, that he nought could say,
 Till him the childe bespoke, "Long lackt, alas!
 "Hath bene thy faithfull aide in hard assay,
 "Whiles deadly fitt thy pupill doth dismay.
 "Behold this heavy sight, thou reverend sire,
 "But dread of death and dolor doe away,
 "For life ere long shall to her home retire, [respire.
 "And he that breathlesse seems shall corage bold

VIII.

"The charge which God doth unto me arrett,
 "Of his deare safety, I to thee commend;
 "Yet will I not forgoe, ne yet forgett
 "The care thereof my selfe unto the end,
 "But evermore him succour and defend
 "Against his foe and mine; watch thou, I pray;
 "For evill is at hand him to offend."
 So having said, eftsoones he gan display
 His painted nimble wings, and vanisht quite away.

IX.

The palmer seeing his lefte empty place,
And his slow eies beguiled of their sight,
Woxe sore afraid, and standing still a space,
Gaz'd after him, as fowle escapt by flight:
At last, him turning to his charge behight,
With trembling hand his troubled pulse gan try,
Where finding life not yet dislodged quight,
He much reioyst, and courd it tenderly,
As chicken newly hatcht, from dreaded destiny.

X.

At last he spide where towards him did pace
Two paynim knights al armd as bright as skie,
And them beside an aged sire did trace,
And far before a light-foote page did slie,
That breathed strife and troublous enmitie.
Those were the two sonnes of Acrates old,
Who meeting earst with Archimago slie
Foreby that idle strond, of him were told [bold.
That he, which earst them combatted, was Guyon

XI.

Which to avenge on him they dearly vowd,
Where-ever that on ground they mote him find;
False Archimage provokt their corage prowde,
And stryfe-ful Atin in their stubborne mind
Coles of contention and whot vengeance tind.
Now bene they come whereas the palmer sate,
Keeping that slombred corse to him assind,
Well knew they both his person, sith of late
With him in bloody armes they rashly did debate.

XII.

Whom when Pyrochles saw, inflam'd with rage
 That sire he fowl bespake; "Thou Dotard vile,
 "That with thy brutenesse shendst thy comely age,
 "Abandon soone, I read, the caytive spoile
 "Of that same outcast carcas, that erewhile
 "Made itselſe famous through false trechery,
 "And crownd his coward crest with knightly stile;
 "Loe where he now inglorious doth lye,
 "To proove he lived il, that did thus fowly die."

XIII.

To whom the palmer fearelesse answered,
 "Certes, Sir Knight, ye bene too much to blame,
 "Thus for to blott the honour of the dead,
 "And with fowle cowardize his carcas shame,
 "Whose living handes immortalizd his name.
 "Vile is the vengeaunce on the ashes cold,
 "And envy base to barke at sleeping fame;
 "Was never wight that treason of him told;
 "Yourselfe his prowesse prov'd, and found him

XIV. [fiers and bold:"]

Then said Cymochles, "Palmer, thou doest dote,
 "Ne canst of prowesse, ne of knighthood deeme,
 "Save as thou seest or hearst; but well I wote,
 "That of his puissaunce tryall made extreeme:
 "Yet gold all is not that doth golden seeme;
 "Ne al good knights that shake well speare and shield:
 "The worth of all men by their end esteeme,
 "And then dew praise or dew reproch them yield;
 "Bad therefore I him deeme that thus lies dead on
 field."

XV.

"Good or bad," gan his brother fiers reply,
"What do I recke, sith that he dide entire?
"Or what doth his bad death now satisfy
"The greedy hunger of revenging yre, [sire?
"Sith wrathfull hand wrought not her owne de-
"Yet since no way is lefte to wreake my spight,
"I will him reave of armes, the victor's hire,
"And of that shield, more worthy of good knight;
"For why should a dead dog be deckt in armour

XVI.

[bright?"

"Fayr Sir!" said then the palmer suppliant,
"For Knighthood's love doe not so fowle a deed,
"Ne blame your honour with so shamefull vaunt
"Of vile revenge: to spoile the dead of weed
"Is sacrilege, and doth all sinnes exceed;
"But leave these relicks of his living might
"To decke his herce, and trap his tomb-blacke
steede." [dight,

"What herce or steed," said he, "should he have
"But be entombed in the raven or the kight?"

XVII.

With that, rude hand upon his shield he laid,
And th' other brother gan his helme unlace,
Both fiercely bent to have him disaraid;
Till that they spyde where towards them did pace
An armed knight, of bold and bounteous grace,
Whose squire bore after him an heben launce,
And coverd shield: well kend him so far space
Th' enchaunter by his armes and amenaunce,
When under him he saw his Lybian steed to prounce;

XVIII.

And to those brethren sayd, " Rise, rise bylive,
 " And unto batteil doe yourselves addresse ;
 " For yonder comes the prowest knight alive,
 " Prince Arthur ! flowre of grace and nobillesse,
 " That hath to paynim knights wrought gret dis-
 tresse,

" And thousand Sar'zins fowly donne to dye."
 That word so deepe did in their harts impresse.
 That both eftsoones upstarte furiously,
 And gan themselves prepare to batteill greedily.

XIX.

But fiers Pyrochles, lacking his owne sword,
 The want thereof now greatly gan to plaine,
 And Archimage besought him that afford
 Which he had brought for Braggadochio vaine.
 " So would I," said th' enchaunter, " glad and faine
 " Betecme to you this sword, you to defend,
 " Or ought that eles your honour might maintaine,
 " But that this weapon's powre I well have kend
 " To be contrary to the worke which ye intend :

XX.

" For that same knight's owne sword this is of yore,
 " Which Merlin made by his almightie art
 " For that his nourling, when he knighthood swore,
 " Therewith to doen his foes eternall smart :
 " The metall first he mixt with medaewart,
 " That no enchauntment from his dint might save ;
 " Then it in flames of Aetna wrought apart,
 " And seven times dipped in the bitter wave
 " Of hellish Styx, which hidden vertue to it gave.

XXI.

"The vertue is, that nether steel nor stone
 "The stroke thereof from entraunce may defend,
 "Ne ever may be used by his fone,
 "Ne forst his rightful owner to offend,
 "Ne ever will it breake, ne ever bend;
 "Wherefore Morddure it rightfully is hight.
 "In vaine, therefore, Pyrochles, should I lend
 "The same to thee, against his lord to fight;
 "For sure yt would deceive thy labor and thy
 might."

XXII.

"Foolish old Man!" said then the pagan wroth,
 "That weenest words or charms may force withstand;
 "Soone shalt thou see, and then beleeeve for troth,
 "That I can carve with this inchaunted brond
 "His lord's owne flesh." Therewith out of his hond
 That vertuous steele he rudely snatcht away,
 And Guyon's shield about his wrest he bond,
 So ready dight fierce battaile to assay,
 And match his brother proud in battailous aray.

XXIII.

By this, that straunger knight in presence came,
 And goodly salved them; who nought againe
 Him answered, as courtesie became;
 But with sterne looks and stomachous disdaine
 Gave signes of grudge and discontentment vaine;
 Then turning to the palmer he gan spy
 Where at his feet, with sorrowfull demayne
 And deadly hew, an armed corse did lye,
 In whose dead face he redd great magnanimity.

XXIV.

Sayd he then to the palmer, "Reverend Syre!
 "What great misfortune hath betidd this knight?
 "Or did his life her fatall date expyre,
 "Or did he fall by treason or by fight!
 "However, sure I ſew his pitteous plight."
 "Not one nor other," ſaid the palmer grave,
 "Hath him beſalne, but cloudes of deadly night
 "Awhile his heavy eyelids covered have, [wave:
 "And all his ſences drowned in deep ſenceleſſe

XXV.

"Which thoſe his cruell foes, that ſtand hereby,
 "Making advantage, to revenge their ſpight,
 "Would him diſarme and treaten ſhamefully;
 "(Unworthis uſage of redoubted knight)
 "But you, faire Sir! whoſe honourable ſight
 "Doth promiſe hope of helpe and timely grace,
 "Mote I beſeech you to ſuccour his ſad plight,
 "And by your powre protect his feeble cace?
 "First prayſe of knighthood is fowle outrage to

XXVI.

[deface."

"Palmer," ſaid he, "no knight ſo rude, I weene,
 "As to doen outrage to a ſleeping ghout;
 "Ne was there ever noble corage ſcene,
 "That in advauntage would his puiſſaunce boſt:
 "Honour is leaſt where oddes appeareth moſt.
 "May bee, that better reaſon will aſwage
 "The raſh revengers heat. Words well diſpoſt
 "Have ſecrete powre t'appeaſe inflamed rage;
 "If not, leave unto me thy knight's laſt patronage."

XXVII.

Tho turning to those brethren thus bespoke ;
 " Ye warlike Payre ! whose valorous great might,
 " It seemes, iust wronges to vengeaunce doe provoke,
 " To wreake your wrath on this dead-seeming knight,
 " Mote ought allay the storme of your despight,
 " And settle patience in so furious heat ?
 " Not to debate the chalenge of your right,
 " But for his carkas pardon I entreat,
 " Whom Fortune hath already laid in lowest seat."

XXVIII.

To whom Cymochles said, " For what art thou,
 " That mak'st thyselfe his dayes-man, to prolong
 " The vengeaunce prest ? or who shall let me now
 " On this vile body from to wreak my wrong,
 " And make his carkas as the outcast dong ?
 " Why should not that dead carrion satisfye
 " The guilt which, if he lived had thus long,
 " His life for dew revenge should deare abyge ?
 " The trespass still doth live, albee the person dye."

XXIX.

" Indeed," then said the prince, " the evill donne
 " Dyes not, when breath the body first doth leave ;
 " But from the grandsyre to the nephewes sonne,
 " And all his seede the curse doth often cleave,
 " Till vengeaunce utterly the guilt bereave :
 " So streightly God doth iudge. But gentle knight
 " That doth against the dead his hand upreare,
 " His honour staines with rancour and despight,
 " And great disparagment makes to his former
 might."

XXX.

Pyrochles gan reply the second tyme,
 And to him said, "Now, Felon, sure I read
 "How that thou art partaker of his cryme;
 "Therefore, by Termagaunt, thou shalt be dead."
 With that his hand, more sad than lomp of lead,
 Uplifting high, he weened with Morddure
 (His owne good sword Morddure) to cleave his head.
 The faithfull steele such treason no'uld endure,
 But swarving from the marke, his lordes life did

XXXI.

[assure.

Yet was the force so furious and so fell,
 That horse and man it made to reele asyde:
 Nath'lesse the prince would not forsake his sell,
 (For well of yore he learned had to ryde)
 But full of anger fiersly to him cryde;
 "False Traitor, Miscreant! thou broken hast
 "The law of armes, to strike foe undefide;
 "But thou thy treason's fruit, I hope, shalt taste
 "Right sowre, and feele the law, the which thou

XXXII.

[hast defast."

With that his balefull speare he fiercely bent
 Against the pagan's brest, and therewith thought
 His cursed life out of her lodg have rent;
 But ere the point arrived where it ought, [brought,
 That seven-fold shield, which he from Guyon
 He cast between to ward the bitter stownd:
 Through all those foldes the steele-head passage
 wrought, [ground
 And through his shoulder perst; wherwith to
 He groveling fell, all gored in his gushing wound.

XXXIII.

Which when his brother saw, fraught with great
And wrath, he to him leaped furiously, [griefe
And fowly saide, " By Mahoune, cursed Thiefe!
" That direfull stroke thou dearely shalt aby."
Then hurling up his harmefull blade on hy,
Smote him so hugely on his haughtie crest,
That from his saddle forced him to fly;
Els mote it needes downe to his manly brest
Have cleft his head in twaine, and life thence dispossess.

XXXIV.

Now was the prince in daungerous distresse,
Wanting his sword, when he on foot should fight:
His single speare could doe him small redresse
Against two foes of so exceeding might,
The least of which was match for any knight;
And now the other, whom he earst did daunt,
Had reard himselfe againe to cruel fight,
Three times more furious and more puissaunt,
Unmindfull of his wound, of his fate ignoraunt.

XXXV.

So both attonce him charge on either syde
With hideous strokes and importable powre,
That forced him to his ground to traverse wyde,
And wisely watch to ward that deadly stowre:
For on his shield, as thicke as stormie showre,
Their strokes did raine, yet did he never quaille,
Ne backward shrink; but as a stedfast towre,
Whom foe with double battry doth assaile, [availe.
Them on her bulwarke beares, and bids them nought

XXXVI.

So stoutly he withstood their strong assay,
 Till that at last, when he advantage spyde,
 His poynant speare he thrust with puissant sway
 At proud Cymochles, whiles his shield was wyde,
 That through his thigh the mortall steele did gryde:
 He, swarving with the force, within his flesh
 Did breake the launce, and let the head abyde:
 Out of the wound the red blood flowed fresh,
 That underneath his feet soone made a purple plesh.

XXXVII.

Horribly then he gan to rage and rayle,
 Cursing his gods, and himselfe damning deepe;
 Als when his brother saw the red blood rayle
 Adowne so fast, and all his armour steepe,
 For very felnesse lowd he gan to weepe,
 And said, "Caytive! curse on thy cruell hond,
 "That twise hath spedd; yet shall it not thee keepe
 "From the third brunt of this my fatall brond:
 "Lo where the dreadfull death behynd thy backe

XXXVIII. [doth stond."

With that he strooke, and th' other srooke withall,
 That nothing seemd mote beare so monstrous might:
 The one upon his covered shield did fall,
 And glancing downe would not his owner byte;
 But th' other did upon his troncheon smyte,
 Which hewing quite asunder, further way
 It made, and on his hacqueton did lyte,
 The which dividing with importune sway,
 It seizd in his right side, and there the dint did stay.

XXXIX.

Wyde was the wound, and a large lukewarme flood,
Red as the rose, thence gushed grievously,
That when the paynym spyde the streaming blood,
Gave him great heart and hope of victory.
On th' other side in huge perplexity
The prince now stood, having his weapon broke;
Nought could he hurt, but still at warde did ly;
Yet with his troncheon he so rudely stroke
Cymochles twise, that twise him forst his foot revoke.

XL.

Whom when the palmer saw in such distresse,
Sir Guyon's sword, he lightly to him raught,
And said, "Fayre Sonne! great God thy right hand
"To use that sword so well as he it aught." [blesse
Glad was the knight, and with fresh courage fraught,
Whenas againe he armed felt his hond;
Then like a lyon, which had long time saught
His robbed whelpes, and at the last them fond
Emongst the shepheard waynes, then wexeth wood

XLI.

[and yond;

So fierce he laid about him, and dealt blowes
On either side, that neither mayle could hold,
Ne shield defend the thunder of his throwes:
Now to Pyrochles many strokes he told;
Eft to Cymochles twise so many fold;
Then back againe turning his busie hond,
Them both attonce compeld with courage bold
To yield wide way to his hart-thrilling brond;
And though they both stood stiffe, yet could not
both withstond.

T ij

XLII.

As salvage bull, whom two fierce mastives bayt,
When rancour doth with rage him once engore,
Forgets with wary warde them to awayt,
But with his dreadfull hornes them drives afore,
Or flings aloft, or treads downe in the flore,
Breathing out wrath, and bellowing disdainē,
That all the forest quakes to hear him rore;
So rag'd Prince Arthur twixt his foemen twaine,
That neither could his mighty puissaunce sustaine.

XLIII.

But ever at Pyrochles when he smitt,
(Who Guyon's shield cast ever him before,
Whereon the Faery Queenes pourtract was writt)
His hand relented, and the stroke forbore,
And his deare hart the picture gan adore,
Which oft the paynim sav'd from deadly stowre,
But him henceforth the same can save no more;
For now arrived is his fatall howre,
That no'te avoyded be by earthly skill or powre.

XLIV.

For when Cymochles saw the fowle reproch,
Which them appeached, prickt with guiltie shame
And inward grieve, he fiercely gan approach,
Resolv'd to put away that loathly blame,
Or dye with honour and desert of fame;
And on the haubergh stroke the prince so sore,
That quite disparted all the linked frame,
And pierced to the skin, but bit no more,
Yet made him twise to reele, that never moov'd afore.

XLV.

Whereat renfierst with wrath and sharp regret,
He stroke so hugely with his borrowd blade,
That it empierst the pagan's burganet,
And cleaving the hard steele, did deepe invade
Into his head, and cruell passage made [ground,
Quite through his brayne: he tombling downe on
Breath'd out his ghost, which to th' infernall shade
Fast flying, there eternall torment found,
For all the sinnes wherewith his lewd life did abound.

XLVI.

Which when his german saw, the stony feare
Ran to his hart, and all his sence dismayd;
Ne thenceforth life ne corage did appeare,
But as a man, whom hellish feendes have frayd,
Long trembling still he stooode: at last thus sayd,
"Traytour! what hast thou doen? how ever may
"Thy cursed hand so cruelly have swayd
"Against that knight? harrow and well away!
"After so wicked deede why liv'st thou lenger day?"

XLVII.

With that all desperate, as loathing light,
And with revenge desyring soone to dye,
Assembling all his force and utmost might,
With his owne sword he fierce at him did flye,
And strooke, and foynd, and lasht outrageously,
Withouten reason or regard. Well knew
The prince with pacience and sufferance sly
So hasty heat soone cooled to subdew; [new.
Tho when this breathlesse woxe, that batteil gan re-

XLVIII.

As when a windy tempest bloweth hye,
 That nothing may withstand his stormy stowre,
 The clowdes, as things afraid, before him flye;
 But all so soone as his outrageous powre
 Is layd, they fiercely then begin to showre,
 And as in scorne of his spent stormy spight,
 Now all at once their malice forth do poure;
 So did Prince Arthur beare himselfe in fight,
 And suffred rash Pyrochles waste his ydle might.

XLIX.

At last whenas the Sarazin perceiv'd
 How that straunge sword refusd to serve his neede,
 But when he sroke most strong, the dint deceiv'd,
 He flong it from him, and, devoyd of dreed,
 Upon him lightly leaping without heed,
 Twixt his two mighty armes engrasped fast,
 Thinking to overthrowe and downe him tred;
 But him in strength and skill the prince surpast,
 And through his nimble sleight did under him down-

L.

[cast.

Nought booted it the paynim then to strive;
 For as a bittur in the eagle's clawe,
 That may not hope by flight to scape alive,
 Still waytes for death with dread and trembling aw;
 So he now subiect to the victour's law
 Did not once move, nor upward cast his eye,
 For vile dislaine and rancour, which did gnaw
 His hart in twaine with sad melancholy,
 As one that loathed life, and yet despysd to dye.

LI.

But full of princely bounty and great mind,
The conqueror nought cared him to slay;
But casting wronges and all revenge behind,
More glory thought to give life then decay,
And said, "Paynim! this is thy dismall day;
"Yet if thou wilt renounce thy miscreaunce,
"And my trew liegeman yield thyselfe for ay,
"Life will I grant thee for thy valiaunce,
"And all thy wronges will wipe out of my sove-

LII.

[naunce."

"Foole!" sayd the Pagan, "I thy gift defye;
"But use thy fortune as it doth befall;
"And say, that I not overcome doe dye,
"But in dispyght of life for death doe call."
Wroth was the prince, and sory yet withall,
That he so wilfully refused grace;
Yet sith his fate so cruelly did fall,
His shining helmet he gan soone unlace,
And left his headlesse body bleeding all the place.

LIII.

By this Sir Guyon from his traunce awakt,
(Life having maystered her sencelesse foe)
And looking up, whenas his shield he lakt,
And sword saw not, he wexed wondrous woe;
But when the palmer, whom he long ygoe
Had lost, he by him spyde, right glad he grew,
And said, "Deare Sir! whom wandring to and fro
"I long have lackt, I ioy thy face to vew; [drew.
"Firme is thy faith, whom daunger never fro me

LIV.

" But read what wicked hand hath robbed mee
 " Of my good sword and shield ?" The palmer, glad
 With so fresh hew uprising him to see,
 Him answered, " Fayre Sonne ! be no whit sad
 " For want of weapons ; they shall soone be had."
 So gan he to discourse the whole debate,
 Which that straunge knight for him sustained had,
 And those two Sarazins confounded late,
 Whose carcasses on ground were horribly prostrate.

LV.

Which when he heard, and saw the tokens trew,
 His hart with great affection was embayd,
 And to the prince bowing with reverence dew,
 As to the patrone of his life, thus sayd ;
 " My Lord, my Liege, by whose most gracious ayd
 " I live this day, and see my foes subdewd,
 " What may suffice to be for meede repayd
 " Of so great graces as ye have me shewd,
 " But to be ever bound ?"

LVI.

To whom the infant thus, " Fayre Sir ! what need
 " Good turnes be counted, as a servile bond,
 " To bind their doers to receive their meed ?
 " Are not all knightes by oath bound to withstond
 " Oppressours powre by armes and puissant hond ?
 " Suffise that I have done my dew in place."
 So goodly purpose they together fond
 Of kindnesse and of courteous aggrace,
 The whiles false Archimage and Atin fled apace.

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK II. CANTO IX.

The house of Temperance, in which
Doth sober Alma dwell,
Besieged of many foes, whom straung-
er knightes to flight compell.

I.

Of all God's workes, which doe this worlde adorne,
There is no one more faire and excellent
Then is man's body both for powre and forme,
Whiles it is kept in sober government;
But none then it more fowle and indecent,
Distempred through misrule and passions bace;
It grows a monster, and incontinent
Doth lose his dignity and native grace.
Behold, who list, both one and other in this place.

II.

After the paynim brethren conquer'd were,
The Briton prince recov'ring his stoln sword,
And Guyon his lost shield, they both yfere
Forth passed on their way in fayre accord,
Till him the prince with gentle court did bords;
"Sir Knight! mote I of you this court'sy read,
"To weet why on your shield, so goodly scord,
"Beare ye the picture of that ladies head? [dead."
"Full lively is the semblaunt, though the substance

III.

"Fayre sir!" sayd he, "if in that picture dead
 "Such life ye read, and vertue in vaine shew,
 "What mote ye weene, if the trew livelyhead
 "Of that most glorious visage ye did vew?
 "But yf the beauty of her mind ye knew,
 "(That is her bounty and imperiall powre,
 "Thousand times fairer then her mortall hew)
 "O how great wonder would your thoughts deuoure,
 "And infinite desire into your spirite poure!

IV.

"She is the mighty Queene of Faery,
 "Whose fayre retraits I in my shield doe beare;
 "Shee is the flowre of grace and chastity,
 "Throughout the world renowned far and neare,
 "My life, my liege, my soveraine, my deare,
 "Whose glory shineth as the morning starre,
 "And with her light the earth enlumines cleare;
 "Far reach her mercies, and her praises farre,
 "As well in state of peace, as puissaunce in warre."

V.

"Thrise happy man!" said then the Briton knight,
 "Whom gracious lot and thy great valiaunce
 "Have made thee soldier of that princesse bright,
 "Which with her bounty and glad countenance
 "Doth blesse her seruaunts, and them high aduaunce;
 "How many straunge knight hope ever to aspire,
 "By faithfull service and meete amenaunce,
 "Unto such blisse? sufficient were that hire
 "For losse of thousand lives, to die at her desire."

VI.

Said Guyon, " Noble Lord, what meed so great,
" Or grace of earthly prince so souveraine,
" But by your wondrous worth and warlike feat
" Ye well may hope, and easely attaine?
" But were your will her sold to entertaine,
" And numbred be mongst knights of Maydenhed,
" Great guerdon, well I wote, should you remaine,
" And in her favor high bee reckoned,
" As Arthegall and Sophy now beene honored."

VII.

" Certes," then said the prince, " I God avow,
" That sith I armes and knighthood first did plight,
" My whole desire hath beene, and yet is now,
" To serve that queene with al my powre and might.
" Now hath the sunne with his lamp-burning light
" Walkt round about the world, and I no lesse,
" Sith of that goddessse I have sought the sight,
" Yet no where can her find: such happinesse
" Heven doth to me envy and Fortune favourlesse."

VIII.

" Fortune, the foe of famous chevisaunce,
" Seldom," said Guyon, " yields to vertue aide,
" But in her way throwes mischief and mischaunce,
" Whereby her course is stopt and passage staid.
" But you, fayre Sir! be not herewith dismaid,
" But constant keepe the way in which ye stand;
" Which were it not that I am els delaid
" With hard adventure, which I have in hand,
" I labour would to guide you through al Fary Land."

IX.

"Gramercy, Sir!" said he, "but mote I weete
 "What straunge adventure doe ye now pursew,
 "Perhaps my succour or advizement meete
 "Mote stead you much your purpose to subdew."
 Then gan Sir Guyon all the story shew
 Of false Acrasia and her wicked wiles;
 Which to avenge, the palmer him forth drew
 From Faery Court. So talked they, the whiles
 They wasted had much way, and measurd many

X.

[miles.

And now faire Phœbus gan decline in haste
 His weary wagon to the westerne vale,
 Whenas they spyde a goodly castle, plaste
 Foreby a river in a pleasaunt dale,
 Which choosing for the evining's hospitale,
 They thether marcht; but when they came in sight,
 And from there sweaty coursers did avale,
 They found the gates fast barred long ere night,
 And every loup fast lockt, as fearing foes despight.

XI.

Which when they saw, they weened fowle reproch
 Was to them doen, their entraunce to forstall,
 Till that the squire gan nigher to approach,
 And wind his horne under the castle wall,
 That with the noise it shooke, as it would fall:
 Eftsoones forth looked from the highest spire
 The watch, and lowd unto the knights did call
 To weete what they so rudely did require:
 Who gently answered, they entraunce did desire.

XII.

"Fly, fly, good Knights," said he; "fly fast away,
"If that your lives ye love, as meete ye should:
"Fly fast, and save yourselves from neare decay,
"Here may ye not have entraunce, though we would;
"We would and would againe, if that we could;
"But thousand enemies about us rave,
"And with long siege us in this castle hould;
"Seven yeares this wize they us besieged have,
"And many good knights slaine, that have us sought

XIII.

[to save.]

Thus as he spoke, loe with outrageous cry,
A thousand villeins rownd about them swarmed
Out of the rockes and caves adioyning nye;
Vile caitive wretches, ragged, rude, deformed,
All threatning death, all in straunge manner armed;
Some with unweldy clubs, some with long speares,
Some rusty knives, some staves in fier warmed:
Sterne was their looke; like wild amazed steares,
Staring with holloweies, and stiffe upstanding heares.

XIV.

Fiersly at first those knights they did assayle,
And drove them to recoile; but when againe
They gave fresh charge, their forces gan to fayle,
Unhable their encounter to sustaine;
For with such puissance and impetuous maine
Those champions broke on them, that forst them fly
Like scattered sheepe, whenas the shepherd's swaine
A lyon and a tigre doth espye,
With greedy pace, forth rushing from the forest nye.

XV.

Awhile they fled, but soone retourned againe
 With greater fury then before was found ;
 And evermore their cruell captaine
 Sought with his raskall routs t'enclose them rownd,
 And overtonne to tread them to the ground ; [blades
 But soone the knights with their bright-burning
 Broke their rude troupes, and orders did confownd,
 Hewing and slashing at their idle shades ;
 For though they bodies seem, yet substance from

XVI.

[them fades,

As when a swarme of gnats at eventide
 Out of the fennes of Allan doe arise,
 Their murmuring small trompetts sownden wide,
 Whiles in the aire their clustring army flies,
 That as a cloud doth seeme to dim the skies ;
 Ne man nor beast may rest or take repast
 For their sharpe wounds and noyous iniuries,
 Till the fierce northerne wind, with blustering blast,
 Doth blow them quite away, and in the ocean cast.

XVII.

Thus when they had that troublous rout disperst,
 Unto the castle-gate they come againe,
 And entraunce crav'd, which was denied erst.
 Now when report of that their perious paine,
 And combrous conflict which they did sustayne,
 Came to the ladies eare which there did dwell,
 Shee forth isswed with a goodly traine
 Of squires and ladies equipaged well,
 And entertained them right fairely, as befell.

XVIII.

Alma she called was, a virgin bright,
That had not yet felt Cupides wanton rage;
Yet was shee woo'd of many a gentle knight,
And many a lord of noble parentage,
That sought with her to lincke in marriage;
For shee was faire as faire mote ever bee,
And in the flowre now of her freshest age,
Yet full of grace and goodly modestee,
That even Heaven reioyced her sweete face to see.

XIX.

In robe of lilly white she was arayd,
That from her shoulder to her heele downe raught,
The traine whereof loose far behind her strayd,
Braunched with gold and perle, most richly wrought,
And borne of two faire damsels, which were taught
That service well: her yellow golden heare
Was trimly woven and in tresses wrought,
Ne other tire she on her head did weare,
But crowned with a garland of sweete rosiere.

XX.

Goodly she entertained those noble knights,
And brought them up into her castle-hall,
Where gentle court and gracious delight
Shee to them made, with mildnesse virginall,
Shewing herselfe both wise and liberall.
There when they rested had a season dew,
They her besought, of favour speciall,
Of that faire castle to afford them view: [shew.
Shee graunted, and them leading foorth the same did

XXI.

First she them led up to the castle-wall,
 That was so high as foe might not it clime,
 And all so faire and fensible withall;
 Not built of bricke, ne yet of stone and lime,
 But of thing like to that Aegyptian slime,
 Whereof King Nine whilome built Babell Towre:
 But O great pittie! that no lenger time
 So goodly workmanship should not endure:
 Soone it must turne to earth; no earthly thing is sure.

XXII.

The frame thereof seemd partly circular,
 And part triangulare; O worke divine!
 Those two the first and last proportions are;
 The one imperfect, mortall, foeminine,
 Th' other immortall, perfect, masculine;
 And twixt them both a quadrate was the base,
 Proportiond equally by seven and nine;
 Nine was the circle sett in heaven's place,
 All which compacted made a godly diapase.

XXIII.

Therein two gates were placed seemly well;
 The one before, by which all in did pas,
 Did th' other far in workmanship excell;
 For not of wood, nor of enduring bras,
 But of more worthy substance fram'd it was;
 Doubly disparted, it did locke and close,
 That when it locked, none might thorough pas,
 And when it opened no man might it close;
 Still opened to their friendes, and closed to their foes:

XXIV.

Of hewen stone the porch was fayrely wrought,
(Stone more of valew and more smooth and fine
Then iett of marble far from Ireland brought)
Over the which was cast a wandring vine,
Enchaced with a wanton yvie twine;
And over it a fayre portcullis hong,
Which to the gate directly did incline
With comely compasse and compaſture strong,
Nether unſeemly ſhort, nor yet exceeding long.

XXV.

Within the barbican a porter ſate,
Day and night duely keeping watch and ward;
Nor wight, nor word, mote paſſe out of the gate,
But in good order and with dew regard;
Utterers of ſecrets he from thence debarde,
Bablers of folly, and blazers of cryme;
His larum-bell might lowd and wyde be hard
When cauſe requyrd, but never out of time;
Early and late it rong, at evening and at prime.

XXVI.

And rownd about the porch on every ſyde
Twice ſixteene warders ſatt, all armed bright
In gliſtring ſteele, and ſtrongly fortifyde;
Tall yeomen ſeemed they and of great might,
And were enraunged ready ſtill for fight:
By them as Alma paſſed with her gueſtes,
They did obeysaunce, as beſeemed right,
And then againe retourned to their reſtes:
The porter eke to her did lout with humble geſtes.

XXVII.

Thence she them brought into a stately hall,
 Wherein were many tables fayre dispred,
 And ready dight with drapets festivall,
 Against the viandres should be ministred.
 At th' upper end there sate, yelad in red
 Downe to the ground, a comely personage,
 That in his hand a white rod menaged;
 He steward was, hight Diet, rype of age,
 And in demeanure sober, and in counsell sage.

XXVIII.

And through the hall there walked to and fro
 A iolly yeoman, marshall of the same,
 Whose name was Appetite; he did bestow
 Both gwestes and meate, whenever in they came,
 And knew them how to order without blame,
 As him the steward badd. They both attone
 Did dewty to their lady, as became;
 Who passing by, forth led her gwestes anone
 Into the kitchin rowme, ne spard for nicenesse none.

XXIX.

It was a vault ybuilt for great dispence,
 With many raunges reard along the wall,
 And one great chimney, whose long tonnell thence
 The smoke forth threw; and in the midst of all
 There placed was a caudron wide and tall
 Upon a mightie fornace, burning whott,
 More whott then Aetn', or flaming Mongiball;
 For day and night it brent, ne ceased not,
 So long as any thing it in the caudron gott.

XXX.

But to delay the beat, least by mischaunce,
 It might breake out and set the whole on fyre;
 There added was, by goodly ordinaunce,
 An huge great payre of bellowes, which did styre
 Continually, and cooling breath inspyre,
 About the caudron many cookes accoyld
 With hookes and ladles, as need did requyre;
 The whiles the viaundes in the vessel boyl'd,
 They did about their businesse sweat and sorely toyl'd.

XXXI.

The maister cooke was cald Concoction,
 A carefull man, and full of comely guise;
 The kitchin clerke, that hight Digestion,
 Did order all th' achates in seemly wise,
 And set them forth, as well he could devise.
 The rest had severall offices assynd;
 Some to remove the scum as it did rise,
 Others to beare the same away did mynd,
 And others it to use according to his kynd.

XXXII.

But all the liquour, which was fowle and waste,
 Not good nor serviceable elles for ought,
 They in another great rownd vessel plaste,
 Till by a conduit pipe it thence were brought;
 And all the rest, that noyous was and nought,
 By secret wayes, that none might it espy,
 Was close convaidd, and to the back-gate brought,
 That cleped was Port Esquiline, whereby
 It was avoided quite, and throwne out privily.

XXXIII.

Which goodly order and great workmans skill
 Whenas those knightes beheld, with rare delight
 And gazing wonder they their mindes did fill,
 For never had they scene so straunge a sight.
 Thence backe againe faire Alma led them right,
 And soone into a goodly parlour brought,
 That was with royall arras richly dight,
 In which was nothing pourtrahed nor wrought,
 Not wrought nor pourtrahed, but easie to be thought:

XXXIV.

And in the midst thereof, upon the floure,
 A lovely bevy of faire ladies sate,
 Courted of many a iolly paramoure,
 The which them did in modest wise amate,
 And eachone sought his lady to aggrate;
 And eke emongst them litle Cupid playd
 His wanton sportes, being retourned late
 From his fierce warres, and having from him layd
 His cruell bow, wherewith he thousands hath dismayd.

XXXV.

Diverse delights they fownd themselves to please;
 Some song in sweet consort, some laught for ioy,
 Some plaid with strawes, some ydly satt at ease;
 But other some could not abide to toy,
 All pleasaunce was to them grieve and annoy:
 This fround, that faund, the third for shame did blush,
 Another seemed envious or coy,
 Another in her teeth did gnaw a rush;
 But at these straungers presence every one did hush.

XXXVI.

Soone as the gracious Alma came in place,
They all attonce out of their seates arose,
And to her homage made with humble grace;
Whom when the knights beheld, they gan dispose
Themselves to court, and each a damzell chose:
The prince by chaunce did on a lady light,
That was right faire and fresh as morning rose,
But somewhat sad and solemne eke in sight,
As if some pensive thought constrained her gentle

XXXVII.

[spright.

In a long purple pall, whose skirt with gold
Was fretted all about, she was arayd,
And in her hand a poplar braunch did hold;
To whom the prince in courteous maner sayd,
"Gentle Madame! why beene ye thus dismayd,
"And your faire beautie doe with sadnes spill?
"Lives any that you hath thus ill apayd?
"Or doen your love, or doen you lack your will?
"Whatever bee the cause, it sure beseemes you ill."

XXXVIII.

"Fayre Sir!" said she, halfe in disdaineful wise,
"How is it that this word in me ye blame,
"And in yourselfe doe not the same advise?
"Him ill beseemes another's fault to name,
"That may unwares be blotted with the same:
"Pensive I yeeld I am, and sad in mind,
"Through great desire of glory and of fame;
"Ne ought I weene are ye therein behynd,
"That have twelve months sought one, yet no where
can her find."

XXXIX.

The prince was inly moved at her speach,
 Well weeting trew what she had rashly told;
 Yet with faire semblaunt sought to hide the breach,
 Which chaunge of colour did perforce unfold,
 Now seeming flaming whott, now stony cold:
 Tho turning soft aside he did inquire
 What wight she was that poplar braunch did hold?
 It answered was, her name was Prays-desire,
 That by well doing sought to honour to aspyre.

XL.

The whiles the Faery Knight did entertaine
 Another damsell of that gentle crew,
 That was right fayre and modest of demayne,
 But that too oft she chaung'd her native hew;
 Straunge was her tyre, and all her garment blew,
 Close rownd about her tuckt with many a plight;
 Upon her fist the bird which shoneth vew,
 And keepes in coverts close from living wight,
 Did sitt, as yet ashamd how rude Pan did her dight.

XLI.

So long as Guyon with her communed,
 Unto the grownd she cast her modest eye,
 And ever and anone with rosy red
 The bashfull blood her snowy cheekes did dye,
 That her became, as polisht yvory,
 Which cunning craftesman hand hath overlayd
 With fayre vermillion or pure castory:
 Great wonder had the knight to see the mayd
 So straungely passioned, and to her gently said;

XLII.

"Fayre damzell! seemeth by your troubled cheare,
"That either me too bold ye weene, this wise
"You to molest, or other ill to feare,
"That in the secret of your hart close lyes,
"From whence it doth, as cloud from sea, aryse:
"If it be I, of pardon I you pray;
"But if ought else that I mote not devyse,
"I will, if please you it discure, assay
"To ease you of that ill, so wisely as I may."

XLIII.

She answerd nought, but more abasht for shame
Held downe her head, the whiles her lovely face
The flashing blood with blushing did inflame,
And the strong passion mard her modest grace,
That Guyon mervayld at her uncouth cace,
Till Alma him bespake, "Why wonder yee,
"Fayre Sir! at that which ye so much embrace?
"She is the fountaine of your modestee;
"You shamefast are, but Shamefastnes itself is shee."

XLIV.

Thereat the elfe did blush in privitee,
And turnd his face away; but shee the same
Dissembled faire, and faynd to oversee.
Thus they awhile with court and goodly game
Themselves did solace each one with his dame,
Till that great lady thence away them sought
To vew her castle's other wondrous frame:
Up to a stately turret she them brought,
Ascending by ten steps of alabaster wrought.

XLV.

That turret's frame most admirable was,
 Like highest heaven compassed around,
 And lifted high above this earthly masse,
 Which it survewd, as hils doen lower ground:
 But not on ground mote like to this be found;
 Not that which antique Cadmus whylome built
 In Thebes, which Alexander did confound;
 Nor that proud Towre of Troy, though richly guilt,
 From which young Hector's blood by cruell Greekes

XLVI.

[was spilt.

The roose hereof was arched over head,
 And deckt with flowers and herbars daintily;
 Two goodly beacons, set in watches stead,
 Therein gave light, and flamd continually;
 For they of living fire most subtilly
 Were made, and set in silver sockets bright,
 Cover'd with lids deviz'd of substance sly,
 That readily they shut and open might.
 O who can tell the prayes of that Maker's might!

XLVII.

Ne can I tell, ne can I stay to tell
 This part's great workemanship and wondrous powre,
 That all this other worldes worke doth excell,
 And likest is unto that heavenly towre
 That God hath built for his owne blessed bowre.
 Therein were divers rowmes, and divers stages,
 But three the chieftest and of greatest powre,
 In which there dwelt three honorable sages,
 The wisest men, I weene, that lived in their ages.

XLVIII.

Not he whom Greece (the nourse of all good arts)
By Phœbus' doome the wisest thought alive,
Might be compar'd to these by many parts;
Nor that sage Pylian syre, which did survive
Three ages, such as mortall men contrive,
By whose advise old Priam's cittie fell,
With these in praise of pollicies mote strive.
These three in these three rowmes did sondry dwell,
And counselled faire Alma how to governe well.

XLIX.

The first of them could things to come fore-see;
The next could of thinges present best advize;
The third things past could keep in memoree;
So that no time nor reason could arize,
But that the same could one of these comprize.
Forthy the first did in the fore-part sit,
That nought mote hinder his quicke preiudize;
He had a sharpe foresight and working wit,
That never idle was, ne once would rest a whit.

L.

His chamber was dispaigned all within
With sondry colours, in the which were writ
Infinite shapes of thinges dispersed thin;
Some such as in the world were never yit,
Ne can devized be of mortall wir;
Some daily scene and knowen by their names,
Such as in idle fantasies do flit;
Infernall hags, centaurs, feendes, hippodames,
Apes, lyons, aegles, owles, fooles, lovers, children,

LII.

And all the chamber filled was with flies,
Which buzzed all about, and made such sound
That they encombred all mens eares and eyes;
Like many swarmes of bees assembled round,
After their hives with honny do abound.
All those were idle thoughtes and fantasies,
Devices, dreames, opinions unsound,
Shewes, visions, sooth-sayes, and prophesies,
And all that fained is, as leasings, tales, and lies.

LII.

Emongst them all sate he which wonned there,
That hight Phantastes by his nature trew;
A man of yeares, yet fresh as mote appere,
Of swarth complexion and of crabbed hew,
That him full of melancholy did shew;
Bent hollow beetle brows, sharpe staring eyes,
That mad or foolish seemd; one by his vew
Mote deeme him borne with ill disposed skyes,
When oblique Saturne sate in th' house of Agonyes:

LIII.

Whom Alma having shewed to her guesstes,
Thencebrought them to the second rowme, whose wals
Were painted faire with memorable gester
Of famous wisards, and with picturals
Of magistrates, of courts, of tribunals,
Of commen wealthes, of states, of policy,
Of lawes, of iudgementes, and of decretals;
All artes, all science, all philosophy,
And all that in the world was ay thought wittily.

LIV.

Of those that rowme was full; and them among
There sate a man of ripe and perfect age,
Who did them meditate all his life long,
That through continuall practise and usage
He now was growne right wise and wondrous sage:
Great plesure had those straunger knightes to see
His goodly reason and grave personage,
That his disciples both desyrd to bee;
But Alma thence them led to th'hindmost rowme

LV.

[of three.

That chamber seemed ruinous and old,
And therefore was removed far behind,
Yet were the wals, that did the same uphold,
Right firme and strong, though somewhat they de-
And therein sat an old man, halfe blind, [clind;
And all decrepit in his feeble corse,
Yet lively vigour rested in his mind,
And recompensd them with a better score:
Weake body well is chang'd for mind's redoubled

LVI.

[forse.

This man of infinite remembraunce was,
And things foregone through many ages held,
Which he recorded still as they did pas,
Ne suffred them to perish through long eld;
As all things els the which this world doth weld;
But laid them up in his immortal scribe,
Where they for ever incorrupted dweld:
The warres he well remembered of King Nine,
Of old Assaracus and Inachus divine.

LVII.

The yeares of Nestor nothing were to his,
Ne yet Mathusalem, though longest liv'd;
For he remembred both their infancie:
Ne wonder then if that he were depriv'd
Of native strength, now that he them surviv'd:
His chamber all was hangd about with rolls,
And old records from auncient times deriv'd,
Some made in books, some in long parchment scrolls,
That were all worm-eaten and full of canker holes.

LVIII.

Amidst them all he in a chaire was sett,
Tossing and turning them withouten end;
But for he was unhable them to fett,
A little boy did on him still attend
To reach, whenever he for ought did send;
And oft when things were lost or laid amis,
That boy them sought, and unto him did lend;
Therefore he Anamnestes cleped is,
And that old man Eumnestes, by their propriety.

LIX.

The knightes there entring did him reverence dew,
And wondred at his endlesse exercise:
Then as they gan his library to view,
And antique registers for to devise,
There chaunced to the prince's hand to rise
An auncient booke hight Briton Moniments,
That of this land's first conquest did devise,
And old division into regiments,
Till it reduced was to one man's governements.

LX.

Sir Guyon chaunst eke on another booke,
That hight Antiquitee of Faery Lond,
In which whenas he greedily did looke,
Th' ofspring of Elves and Faryes there he found,
As it delivered was from hond to hond:
Whereat they burning both with fervent fire,
Their countreys auncestry to understand,
Crav'd leave of Alma, and that aged sire,
To read those bookes, who gladly graunted their
desire.

22

To read those books, who gladly granted their
 David's leave of Alma, and that aged sire
 Their country's amercy to understand,
 Where they burning book with fervent fire,
 As it delivered was from head to hoar:
 Of spring of Elves and fairs there he found,
 In which whereas he greedily did look,
 That light Aquidite of Fairy Land,
 Sir Guyon shant eye on another book.

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